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CURRENT COMMENT.

Now we can sleep o' nights. General Wood reports that he has not found "any evidence of connexion between the railwaymen's strike and Industrial Workers of the World activities." This is a great blessing. But whoever expected that he would find any such connexion, being as how he is in line for the Republican nomination, and also being as how Mr. Palmer, that sterling Democrat, had already discovered the connexion and told everybody about it in the newspapers? Votes are votes, and the gallant General can not afford to be too brash with labour until the polls are closed and the counting all done. Somehow, we have not happened to hear many specific observations on the strike emanating from any of the candidates, although we are all listening intently. How about it?

THE nearest approximation to anything on the subject is the following from General Wood:

To-day they are talking about the one big union, by which they mean anti-American organization against American solidarity. There can be but one big union, run by Americans, cost what it may. Organized labour has been stable and conservative, but now it is having a fight of its own with the destructive elements which have managed in some way to secure entrance into its ranks. Organized labour, therefore, to-day with all other Americans, is trying to withstand an attack of the outlaw group which is trying to bring us under its blind control.

Yes, but all this is very indefinite. Who's who among these gentry that the General adverts to? What are the "destructive elements," and what is the "outlaw group"? Who is doing the talking about the one big union? The General evidently takes his procedure from that of fashionable preachers, and expects the sinners in his congregation to identify themselves. It is a good way; the Vicar of Bray held his job a long time on the strength of it.

THE attitude of the Senate in the outlaw railway-strike reminds one of the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland":

I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases.

The Senate apparently considers that the Esch-Cummins law is not to be sneezed at, and that the striking railwaymen could enjoy it thoroughly if they were only

pleased to do so. It is in rough mood, and the Interstate Commerce Committee is snowed under with anti-strike legislation. Senator Poindexter would penalize strike-leaders; Senator Edge would make preventive injunctions obligatory, and make it unlawful for railway employees to quit singly or in combination with the object of bettering working conditions. It seems strange that no Senator has demanded the mobilization of the strikers. If the Lever Act may still be invoked why not the draft act?

PERHAPS election time is too near to make such a measure appear quite practicable; besides it might be dangerous. It all comes down to the old saw about leading a horse to water. Senator Edge himself pointed the way to the strikers, in case of suppressive legislation, when he said he hoped the Attorney-General would act first and look up the law afterward. That is just what Mr. Palmer has been doing for some time, and it is a teasing example for the proletariat. Followed to its logical end, Senator Edge's argument would eliminate himself and the rest of the lawyers' soviet which serves us for a Congress. If officials may disregard the law, why should plain citizens pay any attention to it? And if neither officials nor plain citizens need regard them, why have laws—and why have Congress? Why indeed? A Congress which could learn no more from the complete failure of the injunction in the coal-strike than the present Congress has learned should be paid off and sent home, anyhow. It is too expensive.

ON the first page of the New York dailies for 16 April, there is an account of the holding of John Grunau and twenty-three others under the Lever Act, as conspirators against the operation of railway-traffic, in the sum of \$10,000 bail, each. On the third page of the same issue, is an account of the holding of three merchants, under the same Lever Act, for selling 672,000 pounds of Danish butter at \$425,000 which they had purchased for \$375,840—a profit of \$49,160. These merchants were held in the sum of \$1000 bail, each. That will be about enough to say on this subject; let us pass on to matters having a less suggestive fragrance.

FRANK MORRISON is a curious man. He is a labour-politician, or a labour-leader of the regular politician-type, such as the labour-movement in this country has been all too plentifully cursed with. Nevertheless, every so often, apparently, his natural good sense and human instinct for fair play displaces and supersedes his official judgment. In his strong denunciation of Mr. Palmer's cheap and threadbare plea that the I. W. W. was behind the railwaymen's strike, he said, "The tactics of the strikers are wrong and can not be approved by organized labour, but this need not prevent an honest understanding of the actual facts in the case." This is fine and fair; no one could ask more of Mr. Morrison. What an example he sets to office-holders under political government! One could have a deal of respect for Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing if they had said publicly, for instance, that "the tactics of the Soviets are wrong and can not be approved by organized political government, but this need not prevent an honest understanding of the actual facts in the case."

MR. BRUCE BLIVEN—poor man!—has spent some weeks interviewing the Presidential candidates and reading their speeches, and now summarizes his melancholy experience in the *New York Globe*. He expresses astonishment—one wonders why—at the similarity of their views on public questions. All of them say practically the same thing about reduction of taxes, Bolshevism, labour, industrial unrest, and so on. Of course they do; all of them say the same thing, because none of them says anything. None of them, in the first place, has anything to say. In the second place, none of them would dare say anything significant, even if he had the proper machinery wherewith to think it up. Mr. Bliven is rather naïve on this point. He says that “such thinking as is being done by the candidates this year, regardless of party, seems to fall largely into one familiar pattern.” If one likes to dignify the candidates’ utterances by attributing them to thought, of course, one may do so; but it is a very generous assumption.

THE only appropriate reporters of these utterances, as the genius of Mr. Christopher Morley quickly discovered, are the columnists. Every one of the candidates has been before the public for years, and is known to every man-jack among us for precisely what he is. In addition, nearly everyone is quite well aware of what he must be in order to accept the post of candidate. A man’s real qualifications for political preferment—not his decorative or camouflage-qualifications—are perfectly well known; hence, if one sees a man put forward for such preferment, one must infer at once what sort of man he is, even without any previous knowledge or previous opportunity to gain knowledge. Why then, should the American people tacitly agree to take seriously his ludicrous and resonant vacuity? The public has an instinct—it crops out everywhere—that practical politics is merely a more or less entertaining raree-show. “That’s politics,” we all say, just as we say “business is business.” Well, why not follow that instinct, which is a perfectly sound one, and simply laugh the whole performance into disrepute? These politicians are the most vulnerable and timid of men; they dread ridicule worse than death, for it means death. It is only so long as they can keep us even going through the motions of taking them seriously that they can have their way with us.

THERE ought to be better team-work in the Government. The Washington correspondents delve and dree to sweat out long dispatches showing how, on account of Bolshevik propaganda in China, the Japanese Government was really obliged to grab Vladivostock and the Ussuri Railway as a measure of sheer self-protection. Then just as they get us into the proper frame of mind, along comes Major-General Graves with this:

Ninety per cent of the people in Siberia are Bolsheviks. They are working for peace and the good of the country, and in my opinion are trying to be fair and just to the people. The anti-Bolsheviks do not want the Japanese to leave, because of immense concessions granted to them by the crown before the Russian debacle and which they would lose but for the presence of the Japanese forces.

You pays your money and you takes your choice. Is it righteousness keeping Japan safe for democracy, or is it concessions? Secretary Baker ought to put in an office-manager who could be trusted to keep us out of these quandaries.

Does anyone really know whether the Soviets intend to pay the foreign debts of the defunct Tsarist regime? First we hear that they will, and then we hear that their proposal has some kind of substantial string attached to it. The latest tidings is that the San Remo conference (what a delightful place to be in at this time of the year, by the way; those European diplomats certainly know how to be comfortable) will decide to do business with Russia openly and above-board. Krassin, the Soviet envoy, has stated that the Soviet Government has

recognized its debt to France, but can not pay it until a treaty of peace is signed and regular relations resumed. It seems a fair guess that the payment of that debt is being dangled before the Allied Powers somewhat as farmers tie a bunch of carrots to a stick and dangle it before a balky horse. There is no reason why the Soviet Government should pay, and some instinct seems to tell the casual observer that it will not pay.

THE United States Government seems to have overshot the mark and shot its grandmother in the matter of the Soviet ambassador, Mr. Martens. We have him right up to the point of deportation; but the mischief of it is that our business interests also have us up to the point of being obliged to recognize his Government. To deport an accredited agent of the Soviet régime and then turn around with recognition or suggestion of trade, is going to be a little awkward. On the other hand, after all the everlasting fuss that the State Department and Mr. Palmer have made, and all the labours of the Lusk and Overman Committees, it is going to be a little awkward to keep him. So there the pestilent fellow sits, smiling and twiddling his thumbs, and waiting for the next move. Current dispatches say that the investigating committee of the Senate has disagreed about Mr. Marten’s guilt; and somehow the news bears upon its face an unusual semblance of likelihood.

MR. WALTER LONG, First Lord of the British Admiralty, lately remarked that if British interests “secure the supplies of oil now available in the world, we can do what we like.” Next day a sub-committee of the Senate advised the President to land marines at Batum, to “protect American lives and property at that port and along the railway-lines to Baku.” There is oil there in enormous quantities; and where oil is, there nowadays is an especially sharp collision of privileged interests that can breed a war as handily in 1921, say, as in 1914. The point to be remarked is that the English and American peoples have nothing whatever at stake in such a collision, any more than they had in the similar collision of privileged interests that culminated in 1914. It would be utter folly, therefore, for them to permit themselves ever to be dragooned, decoyed, or bamboozled into any unfriendliness or misunderstanding for the sake of a quarrel among investors and concessionaires or between the governments which maintain the system of financial imperialism.

AMERICAN officials, if they would avoid making themselves ridiculous, should take to heart the recent unprofitable exercise of Mr. A. Bonar Law, who marched up the hill with colours flying, and marched back down again. Never, said Mr. Bonar Law, would the British Government release the Irish hunger-strikers who, he was forced to admit, were being held without accusation or trial. Yet within a couple of hours the prisoners were released, for the significant reason that the Irish people had agreed to suspend all economic activity until they were set free. Economic organization is the answer to political tyranny. It is the one effective way of making the will of the people the law of the land.

THE defence of the Socialist Assemblymen is said to have cost over \$50,000, and does not seem worth the money. Why not have let the trial go by default and organized the twenty thousand or more disfranchised Socialist voters in the affected districts into a movement to resist State and municipal taxation? That would have raised the whole American question in its historic form; the trial raised no question effectively or strikingly. There is a clear line of precedent all the way back through the Stuarts and Runnymede to the beginnings of the English people, to support these Socialists in a refusal to pay their taxes. “No taxation without representation” is a respectable and ancient American principle.

ple; "grievance before supply" is an equally respectable and much older English principle. If the Socialist voters would read the presentations of that principle made by Digges and Eliot, and above all by John Pym, and consider the transactions that took place around the Boston Tea Party, and the Gloucester Tea Party in New Jersey, they would get a most encouraging idea of the tradition's soundness and strength.

GOVERNOR SMITH has the chance to write a good strong veto message on the Lusk bills for disfranchising and outlawing the Socialists of New York State. If he should lay down the whole Constitutional question of civil rights in some such way perhaps as Mayor Gaynor used to do, he would win the approval and devotion of a great many people, not only in his own State, but throughout the Union. It is pretty certain that before long some one will come out in the tone of disinterestedness, sound wisdom and true patriotism that characterized Gaynor's utterances and enlisted for him the support of the people's instinct for civil liberty. Governor Smith is a good deal of a man, for a politician, and may do this. One hardly hopes, however, that he will even veto the bills. It were better, on the whole, since Republican-Democratic bipartisanship at Albany has taken its present length of rope, that it should go on taking more until it has plenty to hang itself with. Good citizens ought to be solidly for seeing the Socialists disfranchised. A strong veto-message would be the making of Governor Smith as a figure in national politics—if, of course, he followed through—and one would not like to suggest that he sacrifice the opportunity. Still, the interests of the people would be best served by permitting the infatuation of the Assembly to run its full course.

For the same reason, it would be an excellent thing if the Assistant Secretary of Labour, Mr. Louis F. Post, should be impeached for his policy toward the deportation of aliens. There is a resolution to that effect now before the House, subject to findings of the Judiciary Committee; but its chances of prevailing are doubtful. Mr. Post knows so much, and could let in so much light and fresh air upon the methods and principles of the State Department and the Department of Justice, that it is ten thousand to one that he will never be put publicly upon his record. Mr. Post has been greatly harassed, but his title to sympathy is by no means clear. He is a gentleman, a philosopher, an enemy of privilege; and he chose to accept a position for which these qualities constitute an absolute and unworkable disability. His motives for accepting it were the best imaginable, but his judgment was extremely bad. It is the sincerest compliment that one can pay to Mr. Post to say that he is monstrously out of place in public office under a political government—public office is for such, and only such, as flow oppose him—and that if anything happens to him which will tend to establish this truth and give it wider currency, one can not regret it.

THE latest statement on the financial position of the Government assures us that "the Treasury cannot perform miracles and the best management of the Treasury can not avert disaster unless we keep public expenditures within our income." No one expects our Treasury to perform miracles at this late date, for its energy must have been expended to the utmost in performing them during the war and the early months of the armistice. It is exceedingly hard for anyone to maintain a reputation for miracles; but why, on the other hand, ask the public to do what the Government shows not the slightest inclination to do? Labour is called upon to produce more. Does it never occur to our exploiters that labour is getting very tired of being asked to increase production only for the sake of having its product stolen and swallowed up by government. Labour is not particularly energized and stimulated by the sight of vast hordes of parasites fattening upon the industrial system. There

are the figures of revenue and expenditure; they tell the whole story:

Year	Ordinary receipts	Per capita on receipts	Ordinary Disbursements	Per Capita on disbursements
1916	\$ 779,664,552	7.61	\$ 724,492,998	7.07
1917	1,118,174,126	10.74	1,147,898,991	11.02
1918	4,174,010,586	39.43	8,966,532,266	84.69
1919	5,145,882,546	48.10	14,935,848,739	139.75

Speaking about miracles, the figures for ordinary receipts reveal a miracle of extraordinary production. What kind of a miracle the figures for disbursement reveal is best known to those who have made a study of the colossal extravagance and the prodigal wastefulness of political government.

By way of corollary to certain editorials that this paper has lately printed, there comes tidings that more settlers are moving this spring from the United States into the Canadian Province of Saskatchewan than at any time since the war. As many as forty-six car-loads of settlers' effects have passed through the port of entry at Emerson in one day. Canadian railway-officials, speaking from information in their possession, say that the present tide of immigration is nothing to what may be expected later in the summer. The North-western Provinces exempt from taxation all improvements and personal property, while our fiscal system taxes them. We tax industry and enterprise, in other words, and Canada does not. That is the whole story.

AND, speaking of taxation, while no one begrudges the soldiers a bonus, or any other solid satisfaction that they can get out of a Government that was so liberal with fine language, it is fair to ask where the money is to come from. A plan now before us is to raise it by a tax on sales; that is to say, on industry and production. This tax will be passed along, with a little extra, to the consumer. Is it not time to overhaul our general theory of taxation before industry and enterprise in this country are taxed to death? The British and Australian soldiers demanded that their claims be met by a tax on the capital value of land. This is putting taxation where it belongs, letting its incidence fall upon idleness and speculation, while industry and enterprise go free. The billion-dollar bonus-fund will cost industry and enterprise in this country about five billion dollars by the time the incidence of the tax on sales reaches the ultimate consumer.

It is a pleasure to find a good word to say for Brother William H. Anderson, the indefatigable and truculent head of the Anti-Saloon League in New York State. Senator Thompson has stated that liquor was supplied to Assemblymen on the night that the Socialist members were ousted; and the newspaper-reports had already mentioned the circumstance. Senator Thompson stands ready to maintain his charges, but there seems to be a little hesitation somewhere over giving him the chance to do so. Meanwhile Brother Anderson brings the matter to the attention of the Federal District Attorney, in a strong letter urging investigation and prosecution under the Federal law. Splendid! As von Bülow said about the "damned missionaries," this is the first time that the Volstead Act and the Anti-Saloon League have shown themselves good for anything.

The editors cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

STRIKES.

IN its attitude towards the strike-evil, our present society, taken the world over, is showing itself as fine a lot of Gawdsakers as fate ever mustered to feed the cynicism of Mr. H. G. Wells. If comparisons were in order, the American people could make a high bid for the prize. There is no sign of effective and considered method against the enormous loss and damage which each strike entails upon the consuming public. Labour, capital and the public have apparently adopted a fatalistic attitude of accepting the strike as necessary and inevitable and dealing with each strike as it comes along. Our whole turn is for action rather than for thinking; all our energy goes into breaking and suppressing strikes, and none into preventing them. We seem to assume that industrial conflict with the use of the strike-weapon is an ordeal of society which must be borne with, whether we like it or not; and that when a strike is called, there is nothing for it but to call on the military, the police, the strike-breaker, the scab and the jack-in-office, and implore them for Gawdsake to do something.

We shall be beaten at this game, men and brethren, depend upon it. Every experience has carried us just one degree further in embittered relations, in deepened distrust and increased discontent. Economic organization has gotten to the point where there is nothing further to be had from this method with it. Our routine-dependence upon law and force, our unintelligent refusal to look beneath the mere surface-developments in industrial disputes, our habitual commitment to the policy of repression and dragooning, will serve us no longer. In short, the time has come when somebody has to do some thinking.

It is a really desperate, a really "drastic" measure to recommend (if we may borrow the journalist's favourite term), because thinking is very hard work. Action is easy; anybody can act. It is no trouble at all to get up an indignation-meeting in a commuters' town, curse the railwaymen as traitors and outlaws, put on some overalls and stride into a position of more or less impressive helpfulness in breaking a strike. This kind of thing is called the assertion of public opinion; but really there is not necessarily anything behind it worth dignifying by the name of opinion. It is action, sprung by emotion; and action, just now, is rather at a discount. We have had plenty of action, and it is now high time that we had some thinking done. Nor will it do, after the standard fashion of the Gawdsaker, to delegate one's thinking to a policeman, an editor, or a crew of office-holders. The public must gird up its loins and do some thinking on its own. The rank and file of labour has quite clearly begun to think for itself, and we can not afford any longer to meet it with mere unconsidered action. We can not go on with our policy of indiscriminate violence and repression, without becoming victims of the same policy applied to ourselves; and because that policy will be more intelligently organized and applied against us, we shall in the long-run be the losers. If we dislike the rule of force for ourselves, we had best give up our routine notion of applying it to others; if we dislike the prospect of a proletarian dictatorship, we had best think up some more effective appeal than our routine appeal to the injustice and brutality that we mask under the name of law and order.

The first thing to think about is the unbroken record

of failure in the application of governmental interference to industrial disputes. The history of strikes in the nineteenth century establishes that record beyond doubt. The reason should be plain; the matter of these disputes is economic, not political. It has no place in politics. The moment one sees this, conviction follows of the mischievous absurdity of attempting to deal with the subject-matter of economic controversy by means of legislative and judicial processes. This country is now paying, and all summer will probably continue to pay, for its thoughtlessness in permitting the questions of coal-mining and railway-transportation to be handled by politicians. To any one who has an elementary sense of history and an elementary knowledge of economics, it would seem as reasonable to sue out an injunction against the approach of the vernal equinox as against the coal-strike. It would be as sensible to trust Mr. Esch or Mr. Cummins with an operation for appendicitis or a problem in the differential calculus as with the economics of railway transportation. Political methods and political nostrums simply do not apply in the premises. It is not necessary to accept this paper's general view of politics in order to assent to this. One may value a thermometer above everything in the world, and yet freely admit that it is worthless to tell the time of day; and that anyone who tries to use it thus far out of its nature and function, will probably regret his infatuation. So, the public may permit or encourage the passage of as many Lever Acts and Esch-Cummins Acts as it chooses, and back up Mr. Palmer in all the injunctions that can be issued between now and the Greek Kalends, but the public will have them all to pay for, many times over, just as it is now paying many times over for the little speculation in that line that it has encouraged up to date. England found that she got on best when the Government held most aloof from meddling in industrial relations, and worst when it meddled most; and her industrial history from 1870, say, to the present time, is an illuminating study for those of us who really wish to think disinterestedly about the real value of the governmental interference that we are so apt to encourage.

The second thing to think about is how far our industrial disputes are really between labour and capital. Have labour and capital any natural ground of quarrel; and is that ground sufficient to account for the phenomena before us? Let us see. Labour applied to natural resources produces wealth; capital is that part or portion of wealth which is used to facilitate the production of more wealth. With free access to natural resources, the passive factor in production, it does not seem that there should be much disharmony between the two active factors, labour and capital; in fact, it is hard to see how there could be any essential disharmony. But there is no such free access. Natural resources are held under monopolist control, and access to them is legally shut off. This control is called privilege. It has nothing to do with capital, being an entirely different thing. Now let the public consider, first, whether it is possible, even by magic or miracle, to heal the dislocations between labour and capital until their free co-operation upon the passive factor is restored; second, how many of those dislocations would automatically heal themselves if this free co-operation were restored, if privilege were abolished; third, whether, in view of such conclusions as may follow, the first and foremost thing for labour and capital alike to go at, is the abrogation of privilege. If the public will give these three questions a compe-

tent consideration, we shall have gotten a very long way with our industrial difficulties.

Labour has always been a distinct class; privilege and capital have never been distinct classes, unfortunately. The owners of privilege have been largely also the owners of capital. Thus it is, certainly, that capitalists have been unable or unwilling to see that privilege is just as detrimental to their interests as capitalists, as it is to the interests of labour. Thus it is, probably, that the words "capital" and "capitalism" have generally taken on an objectionable and misleading significance and that capitalism has been blamed for the sins of privilege. Capitalism never produced the economic system which forced men into a congested labour-market where wages were borne down to the subsistence-level. It could not have done it. The encroachments of privilege, expressed through the Enclosures Acts, were what did it. When the factory-system was introduced in England, it found whole hordes of miserable beings reduced to the starvation-point by being driven off the land, ready and waiting for it. Land-enclosure depopulated the countryside and drove the people into the towns and villages, full seventy years before the inventions of Watt and Arkwright changed the mode of industry. Capital and capitalism do not maintain this system now; they could not. If we had a distinct monopolist class and a distinct capitalist class, as we have a distinct labouring class, it would be easy to perceive where the responsibility for maintaining this system rests. As a matter of fact, no involuntary industrial servitude ever did, or ever possibly could take place except through the antecedent monopolization of natural resources; no such servitude could last two months unless this monopoly-control were maintained.

Hence, in its thought upon these matters, the public should learn to discriminate between the capitalist and the monopolist, even where—especially where—the two rôles are sustained by the same person. We should learn to distinguish between the effects of capitalism and the effects of monopoly, and not go on attributing to the one the effects produced by the other. This will put us in a position to question intelligently the economics of those who from time to time come forward with nostrums and prescriptions for our industrial troubles. "A square deal for labour and capital alike," say the Presidential aspirants, for instance. Very well; certainly, a square deal for everybody. We all assent to that. We know, too, what you mean by labour; that is clear. But what do you mean by capital? Do you mean capital or do you mean monopoly? Again, when our liberal and Socialist friends, and some of the spokesmen for labour, inveigh against the iniquities of the capitalist system, we inquire, "But do you really mean the capitalist system, or do you mean the system of privilege; for it makes all the difference in the world with what you are talking about?" Again, when some professorial sociologist or some sentimental philanthropist and up-lifter or some emissary of the Civic Federation informs us that the interests of labour and capital are wholly one, and that labour and capital should go forward hand in hand, we say, "Quite so; we are well aware of that. But they can not go forward hand in hand until capital is dissociated from privilege, and that is just what you object to."

Unless and until the public undertakes to do a great deal of thinking in such fundamental terms as these, we may not look for anything but a continuous

exacerbation of our industrial relations. Things have gone altogether too far to permit any palliative substitute for thought. The public must face the industrial situation as a whole, and conquer its reluctance to know the truth about it; and it must think through to the fundamental economics of the situation, in some such way as above outlined; for no merely superficial or apparent economics is any longer of the slightest practical value.

PART OF THE PRICE.

WHETHER the cost of settling for the consequences of war is greater than that of the war itself, is a question which will engage the prayerful attention of the governments for a great many years. The tremendous problem of providing for widows and orphans and incapacitated soldiers underlies much of the suffering prevalent throughout Europe. We hear little or nothing from the Central Empires and Russia and other belligerents not associated with the Allies, as to what is being done about it. In Great Britain, however, the question is assuming proportions which make the most sympathetic taxpayer wonder whether the cost of the consequences of war will not lay a heavier strain upon his resources than he has borne during the fighting.

Sir L. Worthington Evans, of the Ministry of Pensions, recently summarized in the House of Commons the principal increases which had taken place during this year of armistice and peace. From his figures we learn that the total number of officers, men, women and children receiving pensions was 2,621,313. The details indicate that the consequences of war reach pretty far. The number of officers and nurses receiving pensions was 33,876; men of other ranks, 1,825,460; widows of officers, 9,775; widows of other ranks, 179,712; parents and other dependents of officers, 5,680; of other ranks, 327,820; children of officers and officers' widows, 9,112; children of other ranks, 1,029,878. The total number of widows in receipt of pensions was about 216,000. These figures pretty well indicate the loss in breadwinners, and the destruction of producers, and perhaps give some faint idea of the depth of the woe which has entered into the homes of the country.

There is, however, a point implied in the report of the British Ministry of Pensions, which should not be overlooked; it is that the cost may go on increasing for a number of years at a rate that can only be described as ruinous. In the single year following the cessation of hostilities, the increase has assumed startling proportions; ten millions for increase of pensions and allowances; two millions for a twenty per cent bonus on officers' pensions; ten millions for allowances and treatment of men; nearly six millions owing to increased number of men coming into pensions during the current year. Widows and motherless children of deceased men accounted for an increase of £6,019,000. The *Tablet* remarks a curious fact in relation to that item; that 38,644 war-widows had remarried and had received in the shape of a marriage-dowry a one-year's pension on remarriage. There are two items in the report which reveal the enormous growth of an expenditure which holds out no hope of curtailment; the one is the estimated cost of treatment, which had risen from £7,000,000 to £17,000,000 in the year. The other is the increased cost of administration and travelling expenses which amounted to £2,200,000.

"But 'twas a famous victory." Well, possibly.

Possibly it was worth the investment. Possibly the outcome justifies the expenditure of money, blood and tears. Possibly it has done as much for the Larger Good as we were all told it would do. Possibly, on looking backward, everyone is quite sure he would do it all over again, and is quite satisfied with all its pretexts, reasons and theories. Still, the foregoing figures seem to show that for one nation, at least, in spite of all the satisfaction one can feel, it really came pretty high.

POLISHING THE BIG STICK.

THE temporal coincidence of Presidential campaigns north and south of the Rio Grande lends unusual interest to all that is passing just now in Mexico. Early dispatches from the border and beyond gave the impression that the impending national election in the southern Republic had no bearing upon the eruption in Sonora. The whole trouble was said to be due to the indiscreet, not to say unconstitutional, action of the Carranzist Government in ordering Federal troops to enter the State in question. According to Governor de la Huerta, now dictator of "the Republic of Sonora," it was President Carranza's intention to "overthrow the constitutional government of this State and replace it with an absolutely despotic government"—in which matter it now appears that the Governor has forestalled the President.

From the beginning, common sense was inclined to accept with careful salting all this talk of troop-movements and Constitutional rights; and the more so when certain Mexican officials stationed hereabouts explained that for three years, by virtue of extraordinary powers constitutionally bestowed upon him by the national legislature, President Carranza has used the army, the navy and the treasury of Mexico in such fashion as he chose for the suppression of rebellion. During the course of this period—quoting again—the President has frequently sent Federal troops into Sonora to pacify the Yaquis, and the government of the State has hitherto accepted these incursions with becoming humility.

But the cat emerged part way from the bag when it was reported that General Alvaro Obregon, Presidential candidate, and "favourite son" of Sonora, had fled from Mexico City; and it—that is to say, the cat—came almost all the way out when Ygnacio Bonillas, friend of Carranza, former Ambassador to the United States, and now also a candidate for the Presidency, stated that the authorities in Sonora had attempted to obstruct the campaign activities of himself and General Gonzales, a third candidate, and that Federal troops had been sent into the northwest "to guarantee each candidate facilities to carry on his propaganda, and to insure free elections."

If the feline tail still remains under cover, it is because somehow or other the Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico has become involved in this business. On the first of April, or thereabouts, in defiance of a Federal injunction, the employees of this railroad went out on a strike. On 6 April, Judge Velasco served notice on employers and employees that unless they came to an agreement and began operating trains within seventy-two hours, the Federal Government would take over the road. At the expiration of the time-limit, not the Federal but the State authorities seized the railroad and sent the employees back to work, with the promise that their demands regarding hours and pay would be met. And the next day the

State of Sonora seceded "temporarily" from the Republic of Mexico.

It would seem then that the Presidential contest and this matter of the Southern Pacific Railroad are the only important new elements in a situation already difficult enough for the constituted authorities in Mexico. If one admits that the seizure is an *x* quantity as far as the causes of the new disturbance are concerned, the whole affair takes on the aspect of a Presidential campaign by direct action—neither more nor less disorderly than Mexico has known on many previous occasions. If this is the real character of the movement, it is only natural that all the disaffected elements in the State should be ready to participate in General Obregon's great adventure. And indeed it is reported at this writing that the Yaqui Indians (of whom Governor de la Huerta of Sonora is Supreme Chief), the forces of Villa in Chihuahua, and Palaez's ruffians in the Tampico region have already made some sort of deal with the General. Certain reports have also cast mild doubts upon the loyalty of the Carranzist officials in Sinaloa, Michoacán, Nayarit, and other States of the Republic.

Whatever may be the effect of this hotly contested "election" upon the internal state of the Mexican commonwealth, there is no question that Senor Obregon's activities have already strengthened the case of the interventionists in the United States. As a matter of course, the doddering of the Administration at Washington pleases nobody. Of the small minority of people here in the United States who are interested in the Mexican question, some would be only too happy to leave Mexico to the Mexicans, while others are all for Cubanizing the country. The charges brought by the latter group against the Mexican Government are of two sorts. In the first place it is said that Carranza either can not or will not protect American citizens and American property from the attacks of marauders. If Carranza is too weak to establish order in Mexico, it is partly because American corporations have paid subsidies to bandit chiefs and American gun-runners have supplied them with arms, while at the same time the American Government has denied the recognized Government of Mexico the right to import arms from the United States for use against these same bandits. However, it is perhaps best that for the sake of argument we close our eyes to the irony of a paper "recognition," and say with the interventionists that Carranza is both impotent and anti-American.

This prepares us nicely for the next charge: the Government of Mexico is a red and revolutionary government, in that it proposes wholesale confiscations of private property—oil-wells, for instance. Now, as a matter of fact, neither the force of the Mexican Constitutional provisions on this subject nor the intentions of the Administration in the matter of enforcement are by any means clear. But here again for the sake of argument let us say that Carranza proposes to go so far toward socialism as to confiscate, without compensation to the owners, all the privately owned oil-wells in Mexico.

Put flatly at its worst, then, the case stands thus: American citizens cannot live safely in Mexico, and American property in that country is subject to seizure by private marauders and by a radical government. Whether this is true or not, there is no shadow of doubt that the Obregon affair will furnish new data in support of the interventionist

position. The seizure of the Southern Pacific Railway, whether or not the Sonoran authorities maintain their control over the line in the future, must give new force to the statement that Mexican governments, State and national, are extremely careless of property rights. On the other hand, the distinctively military activities of the "Obregonistas" will in all probability result in additional and incidental injuries to American citizens and American property in the zone of combat.

If we ask what should be the policy of the American Government in the face of such conditions, we find at least one answer ready to hand. General Wood has furnished the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico with a digest of his views on the Mexican question. The statement, as published by the Association, reads in part as follows:

We must protect Americans wherever they live, whether it be in Mexico or China; protect them against harsh and unusual treatment, when they maintain themselves within the law of the land in which they reside. The world must understand that it cannot injure American citizens with impunity. To permit it injures the standing of our government at home and abroad and produces the impression of weakness. A firm and dignified policy in this respect will prevent any actions which may lead to serious difficulty.

President Roosevelt's statement in regard to our foreign policy was a good one—"Speak softly, but carry a Big Stick." Be ready to defend our people and our interests against injustice. Not a dollar for ransom but millions for rescue. You will remember the words of Theodore Roosevelt in reply to the demand of a little African Sultan—Raisuli by name—for ransom for an unfortunate American named Perdicaris. . . . 'Perdicaris alive, or Raisuli dead.' These words come to us like a refreshing breeze and breathe the spirit of an America of other days. The spirit which must be revived, if our people are to move about the earth feeling that they are protected by the encircling arm of a strong government which has their interests and welfare at heart. . . . A weak policy is productive of war, and is the most expensive luxury any nation can indulge in.

Well, there it is—the policy of the Strong Man who said the other day that the United States had "soothed Mexico with verbal messages too long and ought now to take a firm hand there." When this policy rules in Washington, there will be war with Mexico—for certainly there will be no difficulty in discovering a Perdicaris whom Carranza can not save if he would. And it is an easy inference that we will likewise have the beginnings of a supplementary policy, of much importance to the future, which will make a *casus belli* of any economic adjustment by a foreign country which involves the public confiscation of property owned by our citizens. What a policy of this sort may mean in a world prepared for all sorts of radical economic experimentation there is no means of telling.

But however much Latin American radicals may tremble at the thought that the Big Stick policy may eventually provide for the enforced maintenance of economic conservatism throughout the Western Hemisphere, the new Salvadorian proposal for a union of all the countries of both Americas, including Mexico and excluding the United States, is the natural answer to a more immediate aspect of our hemispheric hegemony. Perhaps there is not a reasonably intelligent citizen domiciled anywhere between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego who does not know that sooner or later his country will sport a Perdicaris, or some other such pretext for intervention as the United States furnishes Mexico when, on occasion, a Mexican is lynched north of the border. In the United States the National Association for the Pro-

tection of American Rights in Mexico is most active in giving publicity to pretexts—or reasons, if you will—for imperialistic action on our own part. When we consider the necessities of the case and the strength of the countries involved, we are bound to conclude that Salvador operates in a better cause when she seeks to form an "International Association for the Protection of Native Rights in Latin America"—or something of the sort. . . .

CONCERNING MANUSCRIPTS.

WHEN a new periodical is started, it gets a great many contributions from its well-wishers; and the *Freeman* has been extraordinarily well treated in this respect. It is really remarkable, how much excellent literary material has been furnished out of whole cloth to line its cradle. Editorial talk about manuscripts and manuscript-reading is usually considered interesting, and all the more, probably, when the editors, like Major Hurlburt of the *Chicago Times*, whose first day at editing was so delightfully described by Eugene Field, are not quite in their professional stride and consequently not so far away from the popular taste and point of view. (By the way, is "Culture's Garland" never to be reprinted? It has been out of print for decades; can it be possible that Field's admirers will let our literature be deprived of it forever?) This paper, in its immaturity—for its editors are green at the trade, never having done any editing worth talking about, and can not yet manage the Olympian manner that editors should have—this paper has made an observation or two on manuscripts submitted, that may be worth mentioning.

The first is that the usual tone of articles on public affairs, on economics and politics, is extremely solemn—not serious, but solemn, solemn sometimes past the point of self-consciousness. Articles condemning the treaty, exposing the imbecility of the Congress, the villainy of politics, the rapacity of privilege, the despicable character of the Department of Justice, the exactions of the local street-car company—excellent articles dealing with excellent material and providing most wholesome and necessary information—these articles are written in a way to show nothing but clouds and thick darkness covering the face of the whole earth. The dogged, unrelieved, unrelenting prosecution of the subject in its complete statistical order and entirety—this seems to be characteristic of these articles, and it is really very formidable. Frankly, after perusing a few manuscripts of this order, one is in doubt about having any hope whatever of the human race. This doubt is enervating and disabling; if humanity in the mass is but a damp, moist, unpleasant body, why publish a paper, especially during these spring days when at best, it is all one can possibly do not to toss up one's job and go fishing? If the editors of this paper were experienced men—well, that might be another story. But their inexperience itself brings them closer to the consciousness of the average reader, and hence if they feel this benumbing uneasiness and depression, it is ten to one that the average reader would feel it too.

But one must be serious-minded; one must show an unfailing integrity of high moral purpose; one must realize what a world of sorrow and disappointment this is, and how swiftly we are all marching downward on our journey towards the silent tomb. Yes, but untrained instinct points towards a humani-

zation of serious-mindedness with the leaven of humour and imagination. The Italians have a proverb, which probably no one but an Italian would think of, to the effect that there is no dog so wretched but that he sometimes wags his tail. And when one comes to think of it, is it not thus that he gets himself accepted as a true dog? There it is; *humanity* is the essential thing, even when one is dealing with the State Department or the Lusk Committee, and a failure in imagination and humour is not so much felt to be a mark of serious-mindedness as of inhumanity. Lincoln was a serious-minded man enough, but he was none the less effective because he humanized his serious-mindedness most plentifully with imagination and humour. Which makes the most vivid, lasting, effective and moving impression of Mr. Burleson's press-censorship, for instance; the truculent and unimaginative complaint of a liberal or Socialist paper, or the picture that Cervantes draws of the village priest, the village barber and the niece sitting in judgment on the books in Don Quixote's library and burning most of them?

The second observation relates to style rather than to temper and tone, and raises an interesting question. What has become of the art of writing for the ear? People used to write for the ear as well as for the eye. Good prose was limpid and musical prose; prose, one might say, that read itself. The King James Version, on which our fathers were brought up, was written for the ear:

O, thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down.

Philosophical writers of the seventeenth century wrote for the ear. Passages from William Law even reproduce upon our ear "the rise and long roll of the hexameter," and a sentence like the following from Butler carries upon it the effect of a chorus of Aeschylus:

. . . that he may not make the dreadful experiment of leaving the course of life marked out for him by nature, whatever that nature be, and entering upon paths of his own, of which he can foresee neither the dangers nor the end.

The old Urquhart and Motteux translation of Rabelais was written, line upon line, chapter upon chapter, for the ear:

The next day we espied nine sail that came spooning before the wind: they were full of dominicans, jesuits, capuchins, hermits, austins, bernardins, celestins, theatins, egna-tins, amodeans, cordeliers, carmelites, minims and the devil and all of other holy monks and friars who were going to the council of Chesil, to sift and garble some articles of faith against the new heretics.

That sentence was written for the ear; transpose the two verbs in the last clause, and its charm is gone. Of later writers, Matthew Arnold, an unmusical man, gives the ear an almost unmatched delight; one is continually reading his prose aloud, even when reading to oneself. Cardinal Newman wrote for the ear, and so did Professor Huxley; so did Poe, Howells, and William James. Indeed, in former days, the practice was common enough.

What has become of it; why has it been discontinued? It does not prevail, certainly, in the literature that is produced so plentifully all around us; and this paper has received very few manuscripts that betray any sense of responsibility to the reader's ear. It is a small matter, possibly; yet the practice had its

fascinations and its use. The English language, noble as it is, is not a beautiful language; not a language of sentiment and poetry like the Italian, or of distinction, like the French. Still, much can be done with it that is no longer done; and one can not help regretting the loss, and still more, regretting the little care that is taken for it. Manuscripts received by this paper from schools and universities, even from "Departments of English," betoken as little interest as those which come to us from unprofessional hands. The *Freeman* is far from the thought of intimating a standard for its contributors; indeed, its own practice makes it quite ready to acknowledge the *tu quoque*, should anyone think it worth while to raise the point. The editors, scribbling these vagrant reflections on their grateful task of manuscript-reading, merely record with frankness the pleasure they take in reading a melodious and beautiful prose—the kind of prose they themselves would be glad to write if they only knew how—and their regret that those who have the ability and leisure to write such prose should not think the practice more nearly worth cultivating.

OUR SPONTANEOUS SEASON.

VERNALLY speaking, if the term may be allowed, we have beaten our metal rather thin. Vernally speaking we are but dull old fellows, turning over again and again the same ground we have been cultivating all our lives. At this time of the year we begin to indulge ourselves in little jests—like that one about a young man's fancy; and at times we prattle more seriously about the birds and flowers. But rarely, very rarely, do we venture far into the intricacies of the springtime; we content ourselves with what is only too familiar. Like the love of beautiful women, these honest symbols—the birds and the flowers—bind all mankind together. "What is the cause of our immutability?" inquired the London *Times* editorial writer. He was talking of social matters, but he might well have been considering spring vocabularies. For in this particular, if in no others, we certainly fail to touch new notes; regarded severely, we are mawkishly hackneyed and trite.

Take the fine-spirited Lord Grey, for example. In his newly published "Recreation" he writes, "Every year as spring came back unfailing and unflinching the leaves came out with the same tender green, the birds sang, the flowers came up and opened, and I felt that a great power of nature for beauty was not affected by the war." The birds and the flowers! Step back a few years to Chaucer:

Whan that I here the smale fowles singe,
And that the floures ginne for to springe,
Farwel my studie, as lasting that sesoun!

The birds and the flowers! Take the newspaper rhymster of to-day, or the chap who pounded out the column editorial that is sure to appear in every respectable journal towards the last of March. The birds and the flowers! So it goes from year to year: those symbols that appeal to Lord Grey no less poignantly than they did to Chaucer are the very pipes on which we all test our breaths with never a blush nor a quiver.

And why should we blush or quiver? Why should we apologize for our child-like simplicity in the matter? Despite constant and rough bandying about in thin volumes of new verse, spring remains our most spontaneous season. Spring melts into summer "before we know it," as the dry phrase puts it; summer merges with autumn quietly; autumn, in turn, chills into winter usually long before the first snow-storm has made the change secure. But spring, frail and tender though she may be, takes us by surprise. On a winter's night we go to bed suspecting nothing. We wake the next morning to a room full of warm sunshine. We throw up the window; the air coming in is mild and soothing. No need now of scurrying about in a lively fashion! Downstairs at the breakfast table there is a common feeling—a feeling that something as good as it was unexpected has come into our lives, although our surroundings are really unchanged. In a day or two at the office we are talking of birds and flowers, as Chaucer did in his poem and Lord Grey in his speech and the newspaper chap in his editorial. But facts are facts, as the reformers like to say, and spring is spring. We will not put up with any pretentious swelling and soar-

ing over the theme of spring; more than ever we want the familiar style. For on the subject of spring the florid style is fraught with many dangers. "Keep to your sounding generalities, your tinkling phrases, and all will be well," said Hazlitt of such spangled fellows. "Swell out an unmeaning truism to a perfect tympany of style. A thought, a distinction, is the rock on which all this brittle cargo of verbiage splits at once. Such writers have merely *verbal* imaginations, that retain nothing but words." And behind the text of spring screeds we demand that there be an honest inspiration, the physical symbols, lest the whole stuff become mere twaddle.

For my part I feel no pressing necessity for an apology in regard to my spring behaviour. Frankly, I seek out the birds and the flowers, but especially the birds. I know where the hepatica first gleams through the snow, where bloodroot can be found early, as well as yellow violets. But it is the birds over which I wax really eloquent. Some years ago, according to good form, I kept careful records of their arrival for annual comparison, to gauge the season as it were. That efficient procedure involved daily watches in the bird lands, but now I devote only my Sunday mornings, resolving each year to do better when the next spring comes round. The result is that instead of catching the first song-sparrows in the swamp where the earliest birds arrive, I hear them first trilling in a thicket on my way to the train—at least three or four days after the most venturesome of them have come north. At this point I become thoroughly ashamed of my indolence and, dismissing the song-sparrows as now impossible, I resolve to find the first blue-birds. But according to the perversity of human nature unchecked, I do not get to that job until the next Sunday morning—perhaps a full six days after the first of them have flashed their blue backs against the brown landscape. Only a true bird-lover knows the full disgrace of such dawdling. Then I resolve to find the first chipping sparrows or the first phœbes, or the first almost anything else. Where this constant retreating will eventually place me I dare not think; what did Dr. Johnson think when he put forward several years in succession the hour at which he resolved to get up?

But if I am lax about greeting the first birds promptly, I am at least sincere. Some bird hunters are disgracefully fickle. Witness that outdoor enthusiast, Bradford Torrey, for example, in a note about listening to a song-sparrow sing: "Now is the time for such things, before the greater artists monopolize our attention." What sort of man is that who, even in the hermit-thrush season, cannot stir up a tiny feeling of gratitude for a nearby song-sparrow in remembrance of a few cheery notes on a chilly spring morning!

After all, the birds and flowers mean a very great deal, however overworked they may be in the spring vocabulary. What if the wooded mountains were really as colorless as they look during the first few weeks in spring, if they were nothing but dirty, wet patches of snow, and soggy mud underfoot, and leafless, gaunt trees overhead. What if the birds in particular were not there to make every turn in the trail and every fresh hundred feet of ascent a step into a new corner of the world? During the early days the birds and the flowers are the sole redemption for the real untidiness of the out-of-doors. We cannot stray far beyond them without leaving the true spring behind.

J. BROOKS ATKINSON.

POETRY.

PASSION.

The passion of the morn, when all
The glowing east awaits the sun—
Like lover throbbing at the call
Of his soul's mistress—yearning one
Who, blushing at the dawn, would die
But for the certainty that he,
The god, would on her bosom lie,
And drench her in his ecstasy!

The passion of the eve, when day
Has borne the heat of his desire,
The west in langour waits to pay
Her tribute to his unquenched fire.
She opens wide her arms, as he
Bends down upon her lips of bliss;
She from his passion sets him free,
While she consumes him in a kiss.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES' HANDIWORK.

THE new British Ambassador to the United States, prior to his departure for Washington, perhaps with the idea of propitiating Irish opinion in America, elected to speak on St. Patrick's Day. He wore a green Irish halo for the occasion. He said it had been a labour of love for him during last summer and autumn to assist in reducing to legislative form proposals for ending the Irish question. He said the new Bill for the government of Ireland was "a sincere attempt to place definitely and finally in the hands of the elected representatives of the Irish people the duty and responsibility of working out their own salvation and the salvation of their country."

No doubt this statement has been cabled to America, and I propose to examine here how far this statement is justified and how Ireland is indebted to Sir Auckland Geddes for his interest in its welfare. I lay this down as a fundamental proposition, which I do not think will be denied, that whoever controls the taxation and trade policy of a country controls its destiny and the entire character of its civilization. The body with control over customs, excise, income-tax, supertax, excess profits duty and external trade has it in its power to make that country predominantly industrial or agricultural or to make a balance between urban and rural interests. It can direct the external trade of the country, make it flow into this or that channel. These powers over Irish taxation and trade policy are expressly denied to Ireland. Ireland in fact has less power under this last Bill over its own economic development than it had under the Act of Union. Under that Act, Ireland had one hundred and two members in the Imperial Parliament who could at times hold the balance of power. It was not a very real power, because when the interests of Ireland and Great Britain conflicted, both parties in Great Britain united against Ireland, but still to the leaders of parties Irish votes were worth angling for, for British purposes, and had to be paid for by Land Acts or other measures. The new Bill provides that the Irish representation at Westminster shall be reduced to forty-two members, and so at Westminster Ireland is made practically powerless, while everything which really affects Irish economic interests is still legislated for by the British Parliament.

Every clause in this new Bill betrays the greatest apprehension lest Ireland should develop industrially. It is forbidden to remit excise duties. It could not, for example, by lowering the duty build up an Irish tobacco industry, or the manufacture of industrial alcohol, or the manufacture of sugar from beets. Infant industries cannot be bountied, nor can export be encouraged by this means. The power to do that or anything like that for any of our industries is expressly denied. The jealousy against any possible great development of industries in Ireland which was manifest in the discussions on the last Home Rule Bill is even more evident in this Bill. We are not denied powers of taxation. Oh, no, we are allowed to impose on ourselves an additional income-tax or an additional supertax, or to take off that additional income-tax or supertax. In fact after a poor country is taxed in all respects as its very rich neighbour, it is given as a special privilege the power of increasing its supertax, or the further special privilege of taking off this super-supertax. William Blake says "one law for the lion and the ox is oppression," and whatever may be said for an equal tax upon equal

incomes it is manifestly unjust to insist that the same indirect taxation, the same duties on tea, sugar, tobacco, cocoa, etc., shall be charged in a country where the average wage is about thirty-five shillings per week as in a country where the worker's average weekly wage is from five to six pounds. The better paid worker can bear with comparative ease high duties on tobacco, tea, or other commodities, but these bear heavily on the poorly paid Irish worker. This boasted equality of treatment is in reality flagrant injustice, and this injustice, of which Irishmen have complained since the Act of Union was passed, will be continued under the new Bill if it becomes an Act.

If this were really a sincere attempt to undo the work of British oppression in Ireland, to leave Ireland within the Empire free to develop industrially, if Great Britain wished to make clear to the world that nothing like the suppression of the Irish woollen industry would be possible in future, that the spirit which dictated that infamous suppression was dead, it would have left Ireland absolute freedom with regard to trade policy and taxation. The disinterested onlooker would have commented, "It would perhaps be expecting too much from Great Britain to allow Ireland political independence, but the complete freedom to develop industrially now allowed within the Empire is sign of a real change of heart." No critic of British policy with regard to Ireland can find any evidence whatever of such a change of heart. The old industrial jealousy is still obvious, and the old desire to tax Ireland that Great Britain may be enriched. Great Britain demands from Ireland a tribute of eighteen million pounds annually. A little island with four million inhabitants is expected, after providing for the expenditure on its own services, still further to provide this sum as a tribute to Great Britain. Now the main cause of the depopulation of Ireland, the main reason why it alone of all European Countries has halved its population within living memory, was the export of Irish revenues to Great Britain. After the Act of Union the Irish aristocracy began more and more to live in the new centre of political power, and the revenues from their estates formerly spent in Ireland, supporting Irish tradesmen and Irish industries, were spent in England, with the inevitable consequence that Irish industries decayed; and they could not for lack of capital be adjusted when the industrial revolution, brought about by the use of power machinery, made increased capital necessary for that adjustment. Then came on the top of this the amalgamation of the two exchequers, and Irish surpluses varying during the past century from two to five million pounds annually were exported to Great Britain and spent there. Up to the period of the Great Famine, Ireland increased its population by cutting down its standard of living. At that time the country was swarming with beggars and paupers. The Famine forced on Ireland the tragic expedient of throwing off half its children so that those left might live, and ever since then Ireland year by year has sent its sons and daughters to the new world or the Dominions. That country which exports its revenues must export its population, and Great Britain is determined that this export of Irish revenue and Irish population shall continue, for in this new Bill it is provided that Ireland shall export eighteen million pounds annually as tribute to Great Britain.

What does this mean? It means that as the aver-

age wage of Irish labourers is about thirty shillings a week, and if we imagine every Irish labourer with a wife and three children, the British Government withdraws from Ireland annually the means of subsistence of a population of about six or seven hundred thousand people, and spends that money in Great Britain. Workers must follow their wage, and Irish workers must emigrate in the future as in the past. What is the justification for this tribute? Great Britain protects Ireland with its army and its navy. The protection which its army gives Ireland at present is to proclaim martial law over the country, to arrest its political leaders and the most prominent of their followers, to prevent Irish Fairs being held, to prohibit the sale of Irish industries, to suppress a commission appointed by Irish Members of Parliament to inquire into the resources and industries of Ireland, to hold with rifle and bayonet the places where it was found evidence was to be taken by this commission. This may seem unbelievable but it is actually happening, and if doubt is expressed every statement made can be verified from reports in British newspapers without Irish newspapers, which might be prejudiced to exaggeration, being quoted. "Oh," says the Imperialist, "but we protect Ireland from its foreign enemies for this eighteen million pounds." We do not know who are our foreign enemies. We never were oppressed by any people except our neighbours.

But let us for a moment grant that eighteen million pounds is the moral equivalent of that protection. We then ask what is the economic equivalent to Ireland for this eighteen millions. If you who read fall into the sea and somebody plunges in after you and saves your life and in gratitude you say, "You are entitled to all I possess"; if the rescuer takes your income, you starve. If Great Britain really desired to be just to Ireland, it would arrange that there would be an expenditure in Ireland equal to the tribute; that ships for the navy, aeroplanes, clothing for troops, munitions, etc., could be manufactured here so that while Ireland would be contributing to Imperial defence it would not be impoverished by the manner in which the tribute would be exacted. Irish workmen would be employed and paid from the Irish revenues and the money raised in Ireland would be spent in Ireland; and however heavy the taxation would be, the money raised would return to its people and its tradesmen. It would be economically easier for Ireland to contribute eighteen millions yearly for imperial purposes, if the money was spent in Ireland, than to contribute half that amount and have the money spent in Great Britain. The tribute as it stands is sheer robbery of a poor country by a rich one. We are forced to contribute money to pay British workmen; and every Irish family, after being taxed for Irish services, must contribute on an average eighteen pounds yearly per family to the payment or support of British workmen. Because we object we are called an unreasonable people. None of the Dominions will pay tribute to Great Britain. They realize that if they export their revenues they must export their population. Spanish colonies were lost to Spain because the revenues were exported with inevitable consequent impoverishment and inevitable rebellion.

I am not now arguing for a republic or for independence. I am simply trying to make clear what element of truth there is in Sir Auckland Geddes' statement that the last Government of Ireland Bill,

which he helped to draft, was a sincere attempt to render justice to Ireland inside the Empire. The British Ambassador to Washington made other statements in his speech, justifying British control over our economic system. "Ireland," he said, "for good or ill was inevitably within the sphere of the British economic system. It was dependent on England for manufactured goods of all sorts, and on the entrepôt trade of England for the supply of raw materials of foreign origin. No human power, no legislation, could end the economic and financial association of Irish and British interests, nor could any readjustment prevent Ireland suffering because of disturbances in the exchange-rate between the London money-market and the markets of the outside world." I grant that the proximity of Great Britain to Ireland makes both these countries natural customers to each other. But Great Britain is not content with such natural trade. She forces us to trade with her only. Irish shipping, once prosperous, was gradually crushed out. Only a few days ago a British paper announced with exultation that the last independent Irish shipping company had been incorporated in a British shipping trust and there was not one single Irish overseas shipping company left. As it is, we have now to get permits to export Irish produce anywhere except to Great Britain. What Sir Auckland Geddes would have us believe is that we could not get manufactured goods anywhere in the world except from Great Britain; that America, for example, would not or could not trade with us; that we could not get steel from the United States for our ship-building industry, or that Belgium or Russia would not sell flax to our linen-manufacturers, but for our union with Great Britain: in fact we would be outcasts of the industrial world and no nation would trade with us, only that Great Britain supports us with its credit and sees to it that we pay our bills.

With reference to the exchange, I might point out that the 1918 report on the Irish trade in imports and exports shows that Irish exports exceeded in value the imports by £26,885,000 or twenty-five per cent. The exports were valued at £152,903,000 and the imports at £126,018,000. If Ireland had an independent economic system and if the laws which govern the rates of exchange between Great Britain and the United States, or between Great Britain and France, prevailed, the British pound sterling would decline in value to about seventeen or sixteen shillings, and the Irish pound would appreciate in value in purchasing goods in Great Britain. Great Britain could not export gold at the rate of twenty-five million pounds annually to balance its trade with us. It balances accounts between Ireland and itself by the simple plan of extracting eighteen million pounds forcibly from Ireland every year. I see no reason to suppose that if Ireland had an independent economic system the exchange between Ireland and America would not be much better than the exchange between Great Britain and the States, which afflicts us at present, entangled as we are in the British economic system. I do not know where Sir Auckland Geddes was taught economics but I fancy it was at the British Treasury he learned to speculate so brilliantly on the economic fate of Ireland and the pitiable state our finances would be in if the British Chancellor of the Exchequer had us not in his keeping. The plain facts are that Great Britain holds Ireland by military power and not by moral power; and possessing

military power it extracts from us by force eighteen million pounds yearly. It is open robbery of a small country by a great country on the highways of the world.

I have dealt with the economic features of the Government of Ireland Bill because they are most important. No local control over administration, granted to us, can offset that control over taxation and trade-policy. Practically all legislation requires an expenditure of money. If we wished to afforest Ireland, to improve our starved educational system, to build harbours for our fishermen, to drain our bogs, to subsidize universities or technical schools, we must, if our legislation is to be effective, spend money. But the control of Irish money is not in Irish hands. We must go to the British Treasury or to the British Parliament for permission to legislate where legislation involves the expenditure of more of our own money; and what chance would we have of getting it? To give powers of legislation and administration, without control of taxation, is mockery. It deceives few in Ireland; and those few, if the Bill is passed, will soon be undeceived.

But even full powers over administration are not granted to us. The Irish police and constabulary are still under British control, so that arrests of Irish politicians may still continue; the postal service still remains under British control so that our letters may be opened and perused by the British secret service. The post office savings banks are still under British control so that Great Britain may have the use of Irish savings. The Irish judiciary will still be appointed by Great Britain so that English judges shall interpret the laws about political offences in the future as in the past. The dignity of the Kingdom of Ireland, such dignity as is left to it under this Bill, is broken up between three bodies, a Southern Parliament, a Northern Parliament, and a Council of Ireland, so that there will not be a career for a statesman in any of these bodies. No men of first-class ability will spend their lives in a sphere where power is denied them. These Parliaments are little better than County Councils and will attract to themselves second-rate persons, the kind of people who want jobs and want to do jobs. There are no inducements offered to the Northern and Southern Parliaments to come together; no definite statement is made in the Bill that a United Ireland could have control over taxation and trade policy. If Northern and Southern Parliaments united, the all-Ireland Parliament would have practically no more powers than the two Parliaments exercised separately. As if this was not sufficient to prevent any active movement for unity, the six Counties of Ulster under the Northern Parliament are made into a kind of House of Lords with a veto on all-Irish legislation. Though the Southern Parliament will have administrative powers over twenty-six counties, an immensely greater population and more wealth, the vote of the representatives of the six Ulster counties will be sufficient to out-balance the vote of the other counties on the Council of Ireland. The six Ulster counties have twenty representatives on that Council and the twenty-six Southern counties have also twenty representatives. The Bill shows that every possible precaution has been taken to make the partition of Ireland permanent. The six Ulster Counties are not even allowed to decide by County option whether they would prefer to come under the Southern Parliament. Two Counties would certainly vote themselves in with the

Southern Parliament; and it is quite possible that if County option were allowed only two Counties in all Ulster would decide on having a Parliament of their own. As it is, all the Ulster Counties do not come under the Northern Parliament, because there would be a Nationalist majority which would vote at once for union with the rest of Ireland. County option will not be allowed because if the few counties which would vote for a separate Parliament were permitted to do so, labour would have in that Parliament a majority, and a Parliament in which labour would have control would be as hateful to the Ulster politicians who have the ear of the British Premier, as a Nationalist majority would be. So to balance labour, two nationalist counties are forced into the Northern Parliament; the belief of Ulster politicians being that nationalist farmers will vote against Unionist labour-proposals. So are Irish interests juggled with and every principle of democratic government set aside.

It is possible, even probable, that Ireland might be a landing stage for aerial traffic from the new world, and that an Irish Government would do what it could to bring this about; so it has been provided for by our far-seeing rulers that the Irish Parliament has no power to legislate regarding aerial navigation. We might wish to have independent wireless communication with the rest of the world or even to have submarine cables; this also is prohibited to us by the Bill. So far as it is possible, telegraphic news, whether by wireless or by cable, of happenings in Ireland shall pass under British censorship. Great Britain will tell the rest of the world all it thinks good should be known about Ireland. We must continue to use the preposterous British standard of weights and measures. We could not adopt the decimal system, or any other system which might make trade easier with the rest of the world. We cannot even legislate about Irish trade-marks, or designs, or merchandise-marks, or copyright, or patent-rights.

All these restrictions Sir Auckland Geddes has helped during a summer and autumn to devise. As he says, it has been "a labour of love" to him. If there were any other restrictions which this labour of love did not suggest to him, are they not all provided for by the power of veto given to the Irish Viceroy, who will give dissent or approval to Irish legislation on advice from the British Government? Finally is there not the British army, encamped in Ireland with tanks, aeroplanes, armoured cars, poisonous gas-bombs and all the paraphernalia of control? British interests are quite safe. It is only the ironical humour of British Members of Parliament which makes them protest to the world that they are endangering their Empire by giving Ireland so much liberty and so many Parliaments.

As for the moral consequences of this Government of Ireland Bill, if it is put into operation it will artificially divide Protestant and Catholic. Nothing could be more loathsome to the man of liberal mind than this reactionary attempt to make religion the basis of politics. I, as an Irish Protestant and an Ulsterman by birth, have lived in Southern Ireland most of my life. I have worked in every county, and I have never found my religion made any barrier between myself and my Catholic countrymen, nor was my religion a bar to my work; and in that ill-fated Irish Convention one Southern Protestant Unionist after another rose up to say they did not fear persecution from their Nationalist and Catholic countrymen. The

leader of the Southern Unionists made an eloquent appeal to the Ulster Unionists to throw their lot in with the rest of Ireland; he said, "We who have lived among Nationalists trust them; we ask you to trust them." It was not the policy of the British Government that one section of the Irish people should trust the other section; and Mr. Lloyd George invented the "two Nations" theory to keep Ireland divided. He has painted an imaginative political landscape of Ireland, a country he has never been in, and expects Ireland to adjust itself until it becomes like his imaginary political landscape. The Ulsterman and industrialist is told that the farmers of Ireland will tax him out of existence if he comes into an all-Irish Parliament. A British finger is pointed at the Irish Nationalist as the person who will plunder the poor Ulsterman, all the time another British hand is securely in the Ulster pocket; and Ulster is being depopulated at exactly the same rate as the other three Provinces. "Nationalist Ireland will tax Ulster out of existence," says the British politician, who arranges in this very Bill that the six Ulster Counties shall every year export £7,920,000 as their share of Imperial tribute after paying for their own services. Is it conceivable that Irish Nationalists would tax those six counties as the British Government taxes them and intends to continue taxing them, all the while warning the poor deluded Belfast worker against possible depredations on his pocket by the Southern Irishman? The truth is that Nationalist Ireland is much richer than Unionist Ireland. The theory that Ulster Unionists create most of the wealth of the country is demonstrably untrue. One has only to read the report on the Irish trade in imports and exports, and compare the values of exports from Nationalist Ireland with the values of exports from Unionist Ireland to realize that agricultural and Nationalist Ireland is the great wealth-producer. But even in this we can not take figures at their face value. The export of ships, mainly from Belfast, was valued in 1918 at £10,147,000, the highest recorded value, and the Belfast people are justly entitled to think with pride of these world-famous yards of theirs. But if we compare this output, not with the great cattle trade, but with one of the minor branches of Irish agricultural industry, the egg and poultry trade, shipbuilding as a wealth-creating industry takes its proper place. In 1918 the women on the farms of Ireland were able to export eggs and poultry to the value of £18,449,310. Now the point about this total as compared with the value of the output of the shipbuilders is that the nominal values do not indicate the real wealth created. Practically all the £18,440,310 was new wealth created out of the earth, since not five per cent of the feeding stuffs used were imported. If we look at the import-statistics we see that vast sums were paid for steel, iron, coal and other raw materials to enable the shipbuilders to get to work, so that less new wealth is created in the one industry than in the other, pound for pound in value. And this applies to almost all the industries carried on in Nationalist Ireland; a much smaller percentage of raw materials required is imported, and more real wealth is created than in North Ireland. If we examine into the means of production we find that there is more actual profit for the producer in every pound of final value, than in the case of the manufacturing industries in North-east Ulster. I do not wish to depreciate in any way the magnificent energy of Ulster Irishmen. They have a right

to be proud of what they have achieved, but it is not right to speak of that corner of Ireland as the wealth-creating centre. It will really suffer much more than the rest of Ireland under the regime Mr. Lloyd George has devised. He has cleverly taken the Ulstermen's own valuation of their wealth-producing capacity, and he demands from six Ulster Counties a tribute of £7,920,000 annually. This will go to pay British workmen, not Belfast workmen. I believe it will not take my Ulster countrymen very long to find out who really is oppressing them.

The Bill which Sir Auckland Geddes helped to plan does not enable Ireland to work out its own salvation. We in Ireland ask for powers to enable us to build up a civilization which will fit our character and genius as the glove fits the hand. We can not do that while an external power controls our taxation, revenues and trade policy. It is the noblest and most practical of all human enterprises—the building up of civilization—and why the desire to do it should be deplored rather than lauded, I do not know. The British people, though they live beside us, know nothing about us—nothing about our national culture, history and traditions, or our legendary literature, so rich and imaginative, as ancient as the Greek, and going back as the legends of all ancient peoples do, to the creation of the world. The English are a comparatively new people with no mythology or antiquity of their own and they ignore Irish culture or try to crush it out in the schools they create. They believe or pretend to believe of the flame of nationality which burns so brightly in Ireland to-day that it is only a transitory passion. It will all burn out soon enough. A little more resolute repression, and it will disappear. They are so proud of their material might that they understand nothing of the power of spiritual ideas. I imagine that on a red sunset nineteen hundred years ago some believer in the all-conquering might of material power murmured so, as he gazed upon a crucified figure. A young man who had been troubling society with impalpable doctrines of a new civilization which he called "the Kingdom of Heaven" had been put out of the way; and I can imagine that believer in material power murmuring as he went homeward, "It will all blow over now." Yes. The wind from the Kingdom of Heaven has blown over the world, and shall blow for centuries yet. After the spiritual powers, there is nothing in the world more unconquerable than the spirit of nationality. Once it is created, it can raise up Babylons from the sands of the desert, and leave behind it monuments which awe us like the majesties of nature. It can not be suppressed. It is like the wheat which when cut down before it has seeded, springs up again and again. So the spirit of nationality in Ireland will persist even though the mightiest of material powers be its neighbour. It springs from biological necessity. We desire to create a civilization of our own, expressing our nature and genius; and therefore we ask for freedom and power. That freedom and that power to build up our own life are not given to us by the scheme which the British Ambassador to America helped to devise. In spite of his fine words about freedom, he was only tightening our chains; and I write this in order that no American who is interested in Ireland may be deceived. It is not self-government the British are bestowing on us; they are digging for us a dungeon even deeper than Pitt dugged for us in the Act of Union.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("AE").

THE LEAVEN OF I. W. W. DOCTRINE.

THE recent railroad strike was much more a revolt than an ordinary strike. The rank and file of powerful and established labour organizations which have long been amenable to the control of their leaders, suddenly, and in astounding numbers, ignored these leaders and threatened the very existence of the old organizations.

The deep significance of this revolt lies, I believe, in its revelation of tendencies which are strong throughout the rank and file of all organized labour; and if this be so the country is bound to experience innumerable repetitions of such strikes, not only among railwaymen but in other labour groups. Already numerous illustrations of this tendency have, in fact, been furnished since the armistice, although less extensive in scope and less important in effect upon the public than the so-called "outlaw" strike. Practically all labour organizations under conservative leadership have for months past been more or less continually in hot water in their efforts to control the radical groups among their rank and file.

"I. W. W. Believed to Be Behind Outlaw Strike," the headlines announced. I would go further. I think that the I. W. W. is behind some of the most distinct and general tendencies in the present development of organized labour, and it is behind these tendencies much more effectively than it would be if all I. W. W. leaders were not behind prison bars. The rank and file of trade unionists are more or less unconsciously coming to conclusions which the promulgators of I. W. W. doctrine long ago accepted; and the general acceptance of this doctrine is substantially assisted by the fact that the government officials and various "patriotic" and employers' associations have no answer to that doctrine but suppression, lynching, and lawless and unconstitutional application of force. That the sheep's-clothing phrase of "law and order" is used to mask this suppression serves principally—and dangerously—to bring law and order into disrepute. People in general, like children, learn much more from the actions than from the words of their mentors.

An outstanding fact of the railroad strike is that the rank and file was disposed to join a new organization which should, more or less, combine the forces of all the old ones—the One Big Union idea, for which an older term is industrial unionism. This is, of course, a cardinal point in the organization method advocated by the I. W. W. but putting I. W. W. leaders in jail will fail to give any permanent set-back to organization by labour along industrial lines. The United Mine Workers of the A. F. of L. has always been industrially organized; the International Association of Machinists has been virtually driven in that direction during recent years; the "Trolleyman" (Amalgamated Street and Electric Railway Employees) are tending that way; men's clothing workers are industrially organized in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; textile workers are developing an industrial organization. These examples all show the trend both within and without the American Federation of Labour. The trend is, moreover, much stronger than appears on the surface, for in almost any strong labour-union town it will be found that greater and greater power is coming to be exercised by alliances which cut across craft-union lines. The development of the metal trades councils is a case in point. And in the railroad unions themselves the present tendency

toward industrial unionism is not the sporadic and spontaneous thing which many doubtless believe it to be. System Councils have been springing up numerous and are wielding great and increasing influence. These Councils include representatives, usually, from practically all the railroad craft-unions, including the Brotherhoods not in the A. F. of L., which work within a given geographical section of one or several railroads; they regularly consider common problems jointly and aim at joint action. They inevitably tend to be effective and permanent. Strikes have been repeatedly called-on and called-off by these Councils, a fact which indicates a remarkable readiness in the rank and file within their jurisdictions to follow the leadership of these Councils, although these bodies are not on paper equipped with authority to act in this way. The conclusion that the outcome of the "outlaw" strike gave a knock-out blow to industrial unionism and the One Big Union idea among railroad men is entirely unwarranted. On the contrary, I think, the strike will be found to have advanced that idea.

The strike was not only a revolt against the older idea of divisions in organization; it was a revolt against the older types and methods of leadership. The extent to which this revolt has spread can not mean other than that the old leadership is considered by great numbers of the rank and file to have been over-cautious and too long trustful of the efficacy of negotiation and of the just intent of the employer who, until recently, was nominally the Government. Repeatedly since the war, the rank and file, following the recommendations of their leaders, have accepted the hopes, assurances and promises of the Administration only to know each time a new deferment, disappointment and betrayal. Repeatedly strikes have been called off or postponed while the leaders endlessly conferred with officials and with each other. Meanwhile the cost of living has gone up and the buying power of wages has gone down. Men accustomed to feel a dignity and responsibility in their work, (a feeling which has generated a robustness and uprightness in their minds and bodies) have seen themselves ignored, scorned and paid less sometimes than even common labour, and at the same time these same men have been conscious of possessing great potential strength through the power of common action. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and it also makes some men angry and resolute.

What has the Administration done? It has ignored its obligations to do justice to the railroad workers and it has not brought prices down. Only the slightest consideration, and that unintelligent and disrespectful, was given by Congress to the earnest attempt at a constructive suggestion put forward by the railroad workers for a solution of the railroad problem, namely the Plumb Plan. Congress followed this curt dismissal with the threat to insert an anti-strike clause in the Esch-Cummins bill—a threat which as a concession was withdrawn (the possibilities of the Lever Act having meanwhile been demonstrated). This same Esch-Cummins bill, by the way, guarantees a not ungenerous return upon an uncertain railroad capitalization, and also liberally and vaguely defines the costs of operation, in short, it makes a gift-loan of a half billion dollars to the companies. To labour, on the other hand, Congress gave some insipid and adulterated sugar-tits which the workers were expected to suck and quit fussing.

The revolt of course flew in the face of the numerous agreements and contracts between the unions and

the railroads. No observer of the industrial situation can have failed to note the adoption by labour-groups of such devices as "resigning" and "taking vacations" as masks to cover quitting work in mass while contracts are in force. We scarcely needed another strike to call attention to the growing tendency of labour to conclude that contracts with the employer work mainly to the employer's advantage. Apparently a sufficiently large number of I. W. W. members have not even yet been lynched, jailed or deported to prevent the spread of this primary I. W. W. tenet.

The railroad strike came without anything definite in the way of demands being put forward by the strikers, nor did these materialize during its course. This, too, is approved I. W. W. strategy; but in the case of the I. W. W. its apostles are conscious of the ulterior purpose of making capitalistic industry unprofitable. Anybody who thinks that workingmen by the thousands, in places thousands of miles apart, have adopted any such abstract and ultimate aim, is totally unfamiliar with the rank and file of labour. The explanation, of course, is that those who established the I. W. W. doctrine wrote consciously in words, what are in fact the actions to which workers are unconsciously driven by impulses generated by distrust of and aggressive hostility to the capitalistic employer. The I. W. W. doctrine is psychologically accurate. So long as society furnishes the seed-bed for industrial hostility, methods proposed and advocated by the I. W. W. will flourish like a green bay tree whether or not there are any I. W. W. members alive and out of jail.

All of which sums up to this: the railroad revolt is a clear example of the widespread unconscious adoption by American workmen of the doctrine of the class struggle. It is impressively significant because of the high average of intelligence among railroad men, and because of their traditional conservatism. This conservatism is probably no special propensity toward satisfaction with the *status quo*, but is rather a strong inclination toward faith in the just intent of American institutions, a faith which makes the men slow to abandon the methods of industrial peace. With this is coupled a strong inclination toward constructive aims, which similarly makes the men slow to adopt the destructive weapon of the strike. Both these inclinations have been overcome in the recent strike by the forces of disillusionment and resentment.

The Administration, the courts and Congress have been persistently aligning the government with capital in the eyes of those who, consciously or unconsciously, are accepting the doctrine of the class struggle. Mr. Burleson's lawyers went so far as to argue in the case of the New York *Call* that attacking the capitalist system was bringing the government of the United States into disrepute. When President Lewis of the Mine Workers was served with the injunction he announced the determination of the officers to abide by it, saying, "We cannot fight our government." The New York *Times* applauded this remark, but the rank and file of the miners didn't. They merely went on striking. They seemed little concerned by the formidable name borne by their opponent. Mr. Gary, as a representative of "the public," fought collective bargaining with a vote in the President's Industrial Conference; and in the steel strike he fought it with the State machinery in Pennsylvania, and with the United States Army in Indiana. The officers of the railroad unions have been consistently respectful

toward government officials and amenable to influence by them; as a result, they have been very nearly trampled to death by the stampede of the rank and file of their organizations. And yet there are still those numerous and articulate representatives of "the public," the press and the pulpit who believe that a more rapid and more effective disposal of the *corpora vilia* of the I. W. W. and the Communists will prevent the spread of the idea that there is a class struggle in which the government is allied with the property class.

The railroad revolt is a plain warning that the workers are going fast along the road of destructive tactics, industrial conflict and class-war for the improvement of conditions which they are convinced demand and deserve improvement. They are conscious of their power, and are aware of new and more effective methods for its organization and use. Logical development along this line will bring us one of these days face to face with a general strike. The only alternative is a willingness to improve the conditions of the workers, and to increase their participations in the responsibility for and control of industry, so that their constructive impulses will come vigorously into play; that and the substitution of methods of co-operation for those of conflict, and the supplanting of class selfishness by ideals of service.

EDWIN NEWDICK.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

WHEN, a few years before the war broke out, the writer paid a visit to West Africa, he had the opportunity of discussing with the Governor-General of French West Africa, at Dakar, the African Cherbourg, the scheme which was then being put into operation by that distinguished official to impose yearly levies for military purposes upon the male population of French West Africa. The scheme has made great headway since then. It is characteristic of the atmosphere of deceit and dishonesty which war generates that the *potential* militarization of the inhabitants of the German colonial dependencies in tropical Africa has been used as an argument for depriving Germany of them in the good old-fashioned way, while the *actual* militarization of the inhabitants of the French dependencies in tropical Africa has been conveniently ignored. The idea of utilizing Africa as a military recruiting ground is as old as Hannibal. It had long been favoured, and so far as Algeria was concerned acted upon, by the French General Staff. Algerian troops fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and the German literature of the day is full of accounts of alleged atrocities perpetrated by the *Turcos* upon German wounded. By one of those bitter ironies with which war is ever providing us, the fiercest engagement in the struggle between the France of Napoleon III and the Prussia of Bismarck, was fought between Polish regiments under Prussian command and North African regiments under French command.

During the Great War of 1914-18, the French used hundreds of thousands of North and West African troops on the Western and Macedonian fronts. They quartered a large number of West African troops in Morocco. They occupied the enemy consulates in Greece with these black troops. They have employed them in Russia. They actually garrison German towns with them. The atrocities perpetrated by these savage auxiliaries on the western front are known to every

soldier. They have been found with the eye-balls, fingers, and heads of Germans in their haversacks. Mr. Chesterton's pious hope of seeing "Asiatics and Africans upon the verge of savagery," let loose against the Germans has been more than fulfilled.

Up to 30 October, 1918, the French Government had raised 695,000 coloured fighting men and 238,000 coloured labourers for the war. Of the former, the overwhelming majority came from Africa, and of the latter a large proportion. The official report of the troops from West Africa describes them as "regular athletes and formidable adversaries for the Germans." M. Diagne's report to the Colonial Minister, published in September of last year, records a total of 60,000 troops recruited under that gentleman's auspices in French West Africa proper, and 15,000 in the French Congo. Documents found upon prisoners attached to the so-called "Senegalese" Battalion, No. 70, consisting of 840 men, are of peculiar interest. They have been published in the neutral, as well as in the German press. They prove the wide extent of the recruiting area, for the units include representatives of tribes scattered throughout the Western Sudan, comprising, for example, among some thirty other tribes, Fulas, Soninkes, Mossis, Mandingoes, and Guransis. Altogether French West Africa and French Equatorial Africa (French Congo) produced 181,512 fighting men. On the day of the armistice their numbers on the fronts, in camp in West Africa and in depots in North Africa amounted to 136,500 (ninety-one battalions averaging 1500 to 2000 rifles)—without counting the Madagascar and Somali contingents.

Abominable abuses and bloody and extensive uprisings have attended these forcible recruitings in West Africa. Each district was marked down for a given number of recruits; chiefs were required to furnish the men, were bribed to do so, and were punished if they did not. Cash bonuses per man recruited were offered, and private kidnapping necessarily resulted—the days of the slave trade over again. There was a debate in the Chamber in July, 1917, all knowledge of which was kept from the Allied press. But the scandals which it brought to light did not lead to any substantial modification of the policy. Indeed, French West Africa produced more black cannon fodder for France in 1918 than in the preceding years, viz., 63,208 men. The Acting Governor-General, M. Clozel, an experienced and distinguished official whose published works on Africa have long been familiar to students, viewed the whole scheme with the greatest aversion. He reported on 10 November, 1916:

My opinion is that the native peoples have no enthusiasm whatever for our cause, that their dislike to military and above all to foreign service can not be overcome, and that any recruiting that would be really worth while can only be carried out through the operation of fear.

He followed this up by an even more vigorous protest on 6 December of the same year:

The political condition of the colony [he wrote] is still a source of perpetual anxiety to us. The drafting of 50,000 men since the close of 1915 has been the pretext as well as the occasion for a rising which . . . has assumed considerable dimensions in the Niger region. Energetic and conscientious officials of the Government have strained every nerve to prevent this conflagration from overwhelming the entire Niger country. They have almost wholly succeeded in doing so, but the rising has only been mastered after six months hard fighting by forces mainly sent up from the coast.

For this outspokenness M. Clozel was sharply re-

buked, and broken. His successor, M. Van Hollen-hoven, was another conspicuously able and honest official of Dutch extraction. But, invested with supreme control as Governor-General, he declined to countenance what he regarded as a scandalous impolicy, and resigned rather than carry it out, throwing up a salary of £4000 a year, one of the highest paid posts in the French civil service, and going back to the front as a simple captain. When recovering from his first wounds he said to a mutual friend who visited him in the hospital, "not only is the colony being emptied of its able-bodied men, but the whole population is being led to believe that the slave trade has begun again."

The war is now over. But the present rulers of France show no sign of relinquishing the militarist policy they pursued during the war. Quite the contrary. On 30 July, 1919, conscription was decreed for all natives throughout the entire area of French West Africa and French Equatorial Africa—an area over two million square miles in extent and containing a native population estimated at just under twenty millions. A decree of 12 December, 1919, applies the West African decree to Madagascar, which covers 228,000 square miles and has a population of over three millions. The recruiting of a further 28,900 men in West Africa is now proceeding in the following proportions: Senegal, 7,000; upper Senegal—the Niger region—5,600; upper Volta, 5,600; Guinea, 4,000; Ivory Coast, 4,200; Dahomey, 2,500. From 1922 onward it is estimated that this Negro army will consist of three classes and will total 100,000. It is anticipated that Madagascar, the French West Indian Islands, the French Somali Coast and the group of islands in the Pacific will furnish among them a further 100,000 men. This, of course, does not take into account the Arab and Berber contingents from Algeria, Tunis and Morocco, which may be reckoned up another 100,000 at least. The Negro conscripts will serve three years, and two out of the three will be spent, according to the French military and colonial newspapers, in *France*.

This new development of French action in Africa raises a number of distinct issues of the gravest international concern. There is the moral issue as it affects Africa. It is not surprising that the native peoples of West Africa should look upon this conscription and removal to distant countries of their young men as a veritable revival of the slave trade. It is the revival of the slave trade. The men are taken by force—*must* be taken by force, either through the instrumentality of native troops under French officers, or through the instrumentality of their own chiefs acting under French orders. True, once secured, they are not sent to work on plantations; they are not lashed and kicked and tortured. They are sent to camps where they are taught to kill men—black men in Africa, white men in Europe; they are well fed and indulged. All the same, they are slaves in every moral sense.

There is the issue of white government in Africa. The French example can not fail to be imitated by other Powers with African possessions. Nothing is more certain than that British militarists will want to impose conscription upon the native peoples in the British protectorates. And from their point of view they will be right. Reasons other than purely military ones will be evoked, and it will be difficult to oppose them. Should we be justified in leaving the hard-working, industrious, progressive native com-

munities of Nigeria, surrounded on three sides by French possessions, at the mercy of a Power which could invade the country at any moment with a force of 50,000 first class black troops? Alliances are not eternal. Again, can we run the risk of leaving Nigeria open to invasion by a French native army in rebellion against its French officers? Such a rebellion is only a matter of time. What could a handful of French officers and administrators do against tens of thousands of black troops thoroughly inured to scientific warfare, many of them having opposed trained white troops on European battlefields—"blooded," with white blood! The white man has dug the grave of the "prestige" of his race in West Africa, by employing West Africans to kill white men in Europe, and by stationing them in European cities where they have raped white women. In applying conscription not only to French West Africa proper, but south of the Equator to the Congo forest region, the French are virtually compelling the Belgians to do the same in their neighbouring Congo. The spirit of the Leopoldian regime is not so dead that the measure would not meet with eager approval from a number of the Belgian officials. And the Congo abuts upon British territory, upon the confines of the Union of South Africa. French action is replete with immeasurable consequences in Africa, and for Africa.

And what of the distinctively European issue? For the European democracy, this militarizing of the African tropics and this introduction of African troops upon European soil is a terrific portent. The French militarists whose schemes in Europe are a menace to the world, inform us that they intend to have a standing army of 200,000 coloured troops in France, of whom 100,000 will be primitive Africans. They will be used by the French militarists all over Europe in pursuance of their avowed purposes. They will garrison European towns. They will be billeted in European homes. They will kill Europeans who object to the policy of the French militarists. They will be used, no doubt, to fire upon French workingmen should these at any time come into collision with the ruling classes in France. These are some of the vistas which this policy uncovers. . . . Negroes, Malagasies, Berbers, Arabs, flung into Europe by the hundred thousand in the interests of a capitalist and militarist order. That is the prospect—nay, that is the actuality—which the forces of organized European labour have got to face, and face squarely.

E. D. MOREL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE VISION OF THE ARTIST.

SIRS: Your critic's admirable description of Paul Manship's revealing bust of John D. Rockefeller (are we ever going to be favoured with a sight of it out here in the middle West, I wonder?) is well matched by an account which appeared recently in a leading English weekly of Sir William Orpen's portrait of President Wilson which is now on view in London. May I quote a salient paragraph or two from this perceiving English critic's article:

The child in a pettish temper is often told to look into the glass and be ashamed of himself; but the trouble is that, when we do look into the glass, we so rarely see ourselves as we really are. Sir William Orpen has the capacity to see a great deal more of his fellows than they can see. He sees pompous incapacity imagining itself genius and halting weakness thinking itself strength, and he chuckles while he is painting what he sees. The chuckle is the Orpen quality. It is evident in many of his portraits. It would have made him a famous and rather wicked caricaturist if he had not become a great painter. . . .

The Wilson portrait is masterly in its revelation of character. The history of the months that have passed since the closing of the Paris Congress have proved to demonstration that President Wilson is a lath who painted himself to represent iron, a man obstinate about unessentials but easily beaten on vital issues. A photograph of Mr. Wilson may possibly support the view of him that was commonly held in Europe when he first crossed the Atlantic, that he was a second Lincoln destined to re-arrange the affairs of men on the basis of justice and goodwill. That was the Wilson legend. The Orpen portrait tells the truth as everyone now knows it, and one can only admire Mr. Wilson's courage in giving Orpen the opportunity to put the truth on record. His picture of Mr. Wilson equally with his picture of Lord Robert Cecil suggests aloofness, but with Lord Robert Cecil it is the aloofness of faith in himself, while with Mr. Wilson it is the aloofness of the man who is never quite sure.

Sirs, will you not use your powerful influence to get artists of vision like Mr. Paul Manship and Sir William Orpen to give us an analysis of each of the Presidential candidates now before the country so that we may know them for the men they are? There is much truth in what they say down in Kentucky, "hounds are judged by their looks." I am, etc.,
J. M. W.

A POLITICIAN BY ANY OTHER NAME—

SIRS: The legislators at Albany should study the workings of the Ebert Government. They would gain some pointers. Some of our reactionaries, who are able to see that Socialists can be controlled from within better than from without, say that it was a mistake to unseat the five Socialist assemblymen. They are clear-headed enough to see that there is not so very much difference between a Socialist politician and a Republican or Democratic politician. When this fact becomes more generally known, this country may have a Socialist administration. Then, after the election, in order to be sure that no mistake had been made, a representative of the vested interests would call on the new President and say: "Mr. President, we wish to know if you Socialists intend to carry out these doctrines contained in the platform upon which your party was placed in power, especially this nationalization business." The President would reply, "Bless your heart, Mr. Blank, you know we don't intend to do any such thing. Nationalization was a big vote-getter and we needed the votes. You see we have an advisory committee, and when the demand for nationalization comes up it will be referred to that committee, which will decide that the nationalization of all public utilities is too revolutionary a change to be made at this time. This will appease most of the members of my party who have great reverence for political prudence, and it will also meet with the approval of all the non-Socialists; and of course in the last analysis we have the army and navy back of us. What we are going to do is to enact legislation providing for shop-committees and a half-holiday every Saturday the year round. As for the soldiers' and workmen's councils, we are quite prepared for that sort of thing. The soldiers will be officers and the workmen will be superintendents and managers. Anything in the nature of the soviet system we will fight to a finish. We shall keep the army and navy as you left them, intact; though we may abolish the salute and other insignificant customs affecting discipline. Though we call ourselves Socialists you have no cause for alarm. Good day, sir. Call and see me whenever you are in doubt." I am, etc.,

A. L. BIGLER.

Norfolk, Va.

AN OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

SIRS: I received in this morning's mail a sample copy of the *Freeman*. On examination of its editorials and articles I am glad to find that I do not agree with the policy of the *Freeman* on a single topic treated therein that relates to either domestic or international affairs.

In the first place I hope to have the opportunity of voting this fall for Leonard Wood. If not Wood then for some other American of the stripe of Johnson or Coolidge who puts Americanism above internationalism. My observation has been that if you scratch the present day internationalist you will find the pre-war pacifist. In the second place, I thoroughly approved the courageous and far-sighted stand that Mr. Gary took in the steel strike against the I. W. W. and other red agitators. In the third place, I spent eighteen months in France with a combat division. I went over with the highest admiration for our two principal allies, France and Great Britain. I came back with that admiration unimpaired and, in the case of France, my admiration for that nation has steadily increased. I therefore have no

sympathy, but rather a sense of shame that any weekly printed in the United States should designate those allies as "thieves" as the *Freeman* does in its kindly Current Comment for 7 April.

In short, the policy of the *Freeman* is so repugnant to me as an American that I wonder by what weird brand of psychology, unless it is the stupid German brand, you choose to insult the intelligence of an officer in the regular service by sending him a copy of your creed of discontent and internationalism, and rub it in by directing it to him by his military title at a navy yard. At any rate please do not do it again. I am, etc.,

FRANK E. EVANS,

Lieut. Col. U. S. Marine Corps.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A PRIVATE'S POINT OF VIEW.

SIRS: When I enlisted in the army, two years ago, I was twenty-one. I honestly believed that the policy of America was to clear, or help to clear, the road of human progress by destroying the last stumbling block of European autocratic reaction. I had read Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom" and believed that the end of the struggle would lead us into the "promised land" or at least put us well on the road for a successful trip. Well, the war was won. Human lives, homes, happiness, art and beauty beyond measure were annihilated. Heavy and still heavier taxation follows, and will remain as a gift for the generations to come. What have we obtained? The League of Nations Covenant begins with a declaration that the new era is to "achieve international peace and security, . . . open, just and honourable relations between nations." But in the four hundred and forty Articles we see only an open denial of international justice. Instead of a group of nations united to respect peace and to prevent a repetition of the bloody carnival, we have set up an international combination of greedy misers, in constant suspicion of each other. The new-born states, instead of being upheld and guided by the western democracies, are either being misled by economic autocracies or are being left to mould their own fate within the limits of a narrow nationalism. As for the victors themselves, they are on the verge of bankruptcy. The masses everywhere are restless and in despair, groaning under an overwhelming financial burden. Low quality and high prices, ever growing higher, are putting the means of subsistence beyond the reach of the citizenship of our "common-wealth." And yet we read in the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* that "In America we are piling up wealth greater than the world ever knew," and "We are living in riotous luxury," and "We are rich beyond all the dreams of the past." Meantime national budgets, our own as much as any, are blackened with demands for more war preparations. Where are all the promised reconstructive measures? The youth of the world has been fooled. Was all this what we fought for—was this our aim? I am puzzled—I am blinded. All hope in the future is shattered by the disappointment of the past. We have had enough of force, enough of brutal, cold-blooded policies. Might, in the final victory, we see clearly now could not defend right.

I am prompted thus to put my thoughts on paper after perusing the third issue of the *Freeman*. In your editorial "Youth and Age" is, I think, the skeleton key with which youth may open the door of his prison house.

D. G.

Private U. S. A.

—LOVED WE NOT HONOUR MORE.

SIRS: Please send no more copies of the *Freeman*. I love the United States and England too much to derive any pleasure from the reading of such articles as "The Recognized Irish Republic." I believe your efforts to estrange the two greatest English-speaking countries, will make little headway. I am, etc.,

E. V. G.

CLEARING VISION.

SIRS: Allow me to thank you for giving us Hamilton Gibbs' stinging commentary upon his brother's, Philip Gibbs', astonishing book of war-revelations, "Now It Can Be Told." Thank God, the truth of the whole monstrous wicked business of the last ten years is coming out bit by bit into the light of day—from the early beginnings, the era of preparedness, revealed by Lord Fisher in his volume of "Memories," down through Lord Loreburn's and Lord Haldane's exposures of pre-war secret diplomacy and statecraft, to the conspiracy at Versailles on which Maynard Keynes and Dr. Dillon have turned the light. And now Philip Gibbs—or

rather Sir Philip Gibbs, for King George has lately knighted him (for telling the truth, I wonder?)—comes along to dispel our last illusion—the glory of the trenches. In the agony of our awakening to a realization of things as they are we may well echo those savage lines of Chesterton's:

Oh, they that fought for England
Following a fallen star;
Alas, alas, for England!
They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England
In stately conclave met;
Alas, alas, for England!
They have no graves as yet.

I am, etc.,

AN EXILED ENGLISHMAN.

MR. EATON EXPLAINS.

SIRS: In your issue of 14 April, "Gallerius" objects to a statement of mine that "Mamma's Affair" is a revelation of the modern American woman attaining her artistic majority. He objects on the grounds that the heroine of this play is nothing but a young thing, looking for a mate. Alas! I hadn't meant to refer to the heroine, but to the author. It is a comedy written by a woman, from the woman's point of view, yet with assured spirit and satiric intent.

Since women in the theatre, in all lands, have hitherto been actors only; reproductive artists, not creators; there is certainly significance in the rise of Miss Crothers and Miss Butler in our American playhouse. I am, etc.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

Sheffield, Mass.

ECONOMIC FREEDOM AND POLITICAL ACTION.

SIRS: I am among those who are learning to watch eagerly for the *Freeman*, but my admiration is not unmixed with curiosity. Just what is this "economic freedom" you make sound so attractive? In my time I have been among the multitudes who have followed after the "new freedom," "self-determination," "no economic barriers" and some score of other beautiful ideals, with what result you know. The subject is too painful for further comment. By now I have learned a certain caution which may be the beginning of wisdom. Therefore I want to know more exactly what this economic freedom really is and how it is to be attained? Having read just why you are *radical*, not liberal like the *Nation*, I am puzzled at finding you also among the supporters of the Committee of Forty-eight. Far be it from me to decry that admirable organization (I sometimes fear I have not wholly put off the old political man and his works) but the Committee of Forty-eight as I have observed it, is essentially a political body, its appeal and methods are political, not economic, although to be sure it seeks economic changes by political means. It has made no criticism of that abomination, the political and capitalistic State, to which its first plank would consign the conduct of so many enterprises without even a saving clause about democratic control. In an age when our hope of escape from fresh war depends on a conscious and informed internationalism of the sort you yourselves expound in such editorials as "Anglo-American Relations," the Committee of Forty-eight is silent. It did not even speak out clearly and unmistakably against conscription. That the Committee's activities represent a hopeful forward step, that they have some value educationally, I gladly acknowledge, but I am sorely perplexed to understand how they meet with such whole-hearted approval from the only *radical* magazine in the United States? Is it their quasi single-tax plank that saves them? I am, etc.,

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City.

MR. THOMAS has perhaps by this time read our editorial on "A Third Party." Our estimate of the Committee is precisely that of Mr. Thomas, and we never have given them "whole-hearted approval." They deserve great credit, however, for their St. Louis platform of (1) civil rights, (2) natural-resource monopoly and (3) public ownership. If the Committee carries this programme into political organization, we shall have no further interest in it or in them. But the fact is that they have not yet done so, and there is always the possibility that they may not do so. Until they show themselves finally committed to political action, therefore, we think they deserve all the encouragement that any radical has in his power to give.—EDITORS.

THE THEATRE.

LEGS IN GRANDPA'S DAY.

To all you, as to the famous bus conductor, legs are less a treat than they used to be. Yet the undressed drama continues to flourish, giving pain to the pious and, no doubt, profits to the purveyors. When the Winter Garden chorus appeared in costumes modeled, in one respect, at least, on those of the Scotch Highlanders, a critic remarked that knees are a joint, not an entertainment; but apparently they entertain a certain proportion of the public. This season, too, we have had a wave of "bedroom farces," we have seen the transplanted "Aphrodite"; we have made in short, our generous offering to the great goddess, Lubricity. Consequently, we have (as usual) been informed that the drama is treading down the primrose path, and travelling at a rapid rate.

Well, well—it may be so. But from the number of years during which the drama has been travelling briskly toward the eternal bonfire, one is forced to conclude that this noted conflagration is very deep down indeed. For instance, there were the 1860's. My attention has been turned to the 1860's because I fled out of a shower into the dimness of a second-hand bookshop the other day (I cannot afford an umbrella at present prices), and there I picked up "Women and Theatres" by Olive Logan (New York: Carleton, 1869). Two chapters at once interested me—"About the Leg Business" and "About Nudity in Theatres." I bought this book for thirty-seven cents, and learned something at first hand about the "palmy days."

It was surely an odd and interesting side-light which first caught my attention. In the 1860's, Philadelphia carried off the honours "in the pad-making art." "Thus," said Miss Logan, "the New Jersey railroads are frequently enriched by the precious freight of penitential Mazeppas, going on pilgrimages to the padding Mecca." She reproduces this letter, surely a forerunner of our simplified spelling:

Mam: Them tites is finished your nees will be all O K when you get them on. Bad figgers is all plaid but now they will caust 9 dollars.

The reason for the great demand for "them tites" was the extraordinary popularity of the "blonde burlesquers." We have all heard, of course, of these delectable entertainers, of "The Black Crook," and its tribe; but few of us now realize to what an extent the American theatre was given over to the worship of Lubricity in the decade following the Civil War. Miss Logan, who herself had been an actress, and left the stage to become a writer and a worker for equal suffrage, says:

Clothed in the dress of an honest woman (the actress) is worth nothing to a manager. Stripped as naked as she dare—and it seems there is little left when so much is done—she becomes a prize to her manager, who knows that crowds will rush to see her, and who pays her a salary accordingly.

This is what the "nude woman" did. "She runs upon the stage giggling; trots down to the footlights, winks at the audience, and rattles off some stupid attempts at wit, some twaddling allusions to Sorosis or General Grant." Sometimes she attempted to sing and dance. A sample song is quoted, but our modern type rebels. This woman, Miss Logan affirms, often made more money than "the poetic Edwin Booth; infinitely more than the intellectual E. L. Davenport." She gives a list of the sixteen then existing theatres in New York which had at one time or another pre-

sented English drama. Of the entire list, only Booth's Theatre was clear of the charge of having harboured the "nude exhibitions." At one time (evidently in 1868 or 1869), but two theatres in all New York were offering legitimate drama. One manager is quoted as saying, "Devil take your legitimate drama! If I can't draw a crowd otherwise, I'll put a woman on my stage without a rag on her."

Another manager, who was losing money with a classic play, "rubbed his dry old hands together" and said, "Aha! we must have some of those fat young women in this piece and make it draw."

All of which is not exactly pretty reading, but is not without its cheerful side. Such were the "palmy days" of the 1860's! The stage was quite evidently headed for Gehenna and going strong. Since 1869, a matter of half a century, the number of theatres in New York has multiplied several times over. In many of them beauty is still only skin deep. Legs are the lyrics, the lure is the female form. It might almost be gathered from this fact that there is something eternally attractive about the female form. But no such percentage of our theatres is given over to nudity as in the 1860's, and in almost none of those more or less devoted to our modern equivalent of the old "burlesque" is the appeal crude and ugly and coarse. Often it is made with at least a pagan loveliness which is hopelessly disarming. As for the other theatres, we have had "Hamlet" and "Richard III," "Ruddigore" and "Apple Blossoms," "Jane Clegg" and "Clarence," Euripides and Tolstoy, Brieux and "Abraham Lincoln." There never was a season in the "palmy days" which could begin to rival, for richness and variety of solid dramatic fare, what Broadway has offered this past winter. The goddess Lubricity no doubt still has, and will always have, her priests and priestesses in the playhouse, and her throng of worshippers. But any repetition of the raw, crude, and apparently almost universal theatrical depravity which followed the Civil War is impossible in America today, even after the World War. We have not one public, but many now, and a constant process of selection and refinement seems to be going on. Things are not as they were in the palmy days—thank goodness!

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

MISCELLANY.

It is a hundred to one the National League of Overall Clubs will never capture this metropolitan borough of Manhattan or the nifty army that moves down through the communication tunnels to work each morning, and back again to the rest-areas each night. If I could only have the co-operation of the ticket choppers, I think I could show that the average subway express running between the business front and the residential rear carries more Kollege Klothes than one could find on the broadest campus in America in a month of commencement days. Years of participation in this twice-daily fashion-show have convinced me that New York is the most- and worst-dressed city on earth. And I think it is mainly because the morale here is so high.

MORALE, of course, doesn't grow all by itself; it has to be coddled and flattered and teased and everything. Mr. Creel attempted to do this for the Government during the war, but with all, or almost all, the resources of these United States at his service, he did not command as much space in the papers or win as many volunteers on this top-heavy island as the young men who do the propa-

ganda for Classic Clothes, Heddie Hats, and such like. Let me illustrate from the morning paper.

Take a look at the roll lapel on this suit. Just see how leisurely that lapel looks out upon the world, like a flower opening to the sunlight. Fragile, resilient, delicate as a coiled spring, a lapel with life in it, animated by the hands that made it!

Surely one could not bear to cover the petals of his best suit with anything but a

Lavishly Hand-Tailored Topcoat for Evening Wear, for Morning Wear, for Afternoon Wear, for Anywhere.

THE implications of the last word are obvious. If "Anywhere" includes Brooklyn and the Bronx, it also includes Birmingham and Atlanta, where the blue propaganda of the Overall League is having a disastrous effect on the "clothes bizness." If the manufacturers of shirred and fluted masculine adornment want to stop this seditious pro-overall activity, let them mobilize the "ad" writers in New York and dispatch them to the several danger points. The rest will be easy—for assuredly no masculine heart is proof against the wiles of Lavish Topcoats and Stylish Suits with sensitive lapels.

"WHY," inquires a friend in India, "have you no adequate American bookselling, even in Britain, much less in India? Ford cars everywhere, but zero books!" When I set out to answer this question it amazed me to discover that the criticism did not so much disclose the weakness of American publishing methods as illuminate the intellectual aridity of American life. It is obvious that we have failed as miserably in our own land as in India and Great Britain. We need no statistician to inform us how many times the stations for obtaining automobile supplies outnumber those devoted to intellectual repair and replenishment. Fords everywhere and zero books might be the boast of every city, town and suburb in the country. As a nation we are not interested in the distribution of books. Were it not for the activity of the Carnegie libraries the younger generation might come of age without being acquainted with a single piece of literature except that taken medicinally in the schools or extracted from the advertisement-spattered pages of the popular magazines.

OUR system of book distribution is a pitiful makeshift which points to America's intellectual sloth and spiritual impoverishment: there are vast neighbourhoods in our great cities which can hardly display a circulating fiction library, and within these neighbourhoods are countless men and women who do their day's stint, find their mates, sponsor children, mark their ballots, and wax indignant over the day's news without devoting so much as ten minutes per day to a serious attempt at following that mass of social discussion and criticism whose widespread assimilation should be one of the marks of an active democracy.

FORD cars everywhere and zero books! I shudder at the comprehensive significance of that symbol. One figures mankind aimlessly gadding about on the highways, exhausting nature's long-stored resources at a terrifying rate, and disregarding the laws of energy as blithely as mediæval saints disregarded the laws of health, while our chance of regulating the traffic of the world and diminishing the probabilities of an unprecedented series of international smash-ups rests with a handful of patient workers who continue to labour, in the midst of this orgy of noisome combustion, at the ungrateful task of rousing a world which will neither accept the rule of the patient minority nor desist from its joy-ride long enough to master the rule for itself. Ford cars everywhere and zero books! That may well be the epitaph of our civilization.

No one can look dispassionately at the morning's news without feeling that civilization may shortly need an epiphany. The reactionary has of course always viewed the slightest change in the social scene, the introduction of illuminating gas or the extension of the franchise, as the prelude to ultimate disaster; but in the present posture of affairs it is the radical who must utter the congealing prophecy of calamity. The reason for this *bouleversement* should be plain: the danger that threatens our present institutions is not that their direction will be altered but that they will continue to move with acceleration along the path they have so disastrously taken. The existing industrial system may become more oppressive and militarism may grow more terroristic, and the very methods we may be tempted to adopt in coping with these forces may negate the spirit of our resistance; for as AE wisely observed, before the peace-treaty was written, men unconsciously warp themselves into the image of the thing they hate, and the dreaded enemy triumphs at the moment of his final debasement.

It was a callow optimism for the Marxians to suppose that the system which they falsely style capitalism would prepare the workers to create a humane and socialized commonwealth. The actual effect of this system has been to train the workers, in self-defence, to adopt the policies of predacious exploit and selfish appropriation by which the old order has entrenched itself. A working class that has learned its political lessons in the modern State is bravely trained to wreck any industrial system which its own chiefs and intellectuals may invent as a substitute. The habit of taking as much as you can "get away with," and giving as little, is no *mores* for a cohesive polity, and while this method seems at present to be the worker's only defence against Garyism, it is likely to prove in the end the chief means of keeping the spirit of Garyism dominant. Repressions and reprisals work, as Mr. Victor Branford has noted in a vividly interesting pamphlet on "The Drift to Revolution" (London, Headley Brothers) to increase reciprocally the opposing tendency, and at the same time they divert attention from those less violent proposals whose formulation and adoption are the price of our political salvation. The apotheosis of the strong arm is unfortunately the chief lesson taught the workers by the existing system, and the old order's hysterical attempt to correct its own vices in the underlying population by drastic inoculations of interdenominational Christianity and Americanization will aggravate the disease rather than effect an immunity.

If civilization is to be saved from the existing system we can not rely alone on the process of re-education. It is doubtful whether we have time to re-educate our whole industrial population. The way to salvation lies possibly in the operation of more primitive human dispositions, and it is especially to the instinct of workmanship that we may turn for aid in rescuing the workers from that elaborate protective technique of soldiering, slacking, scrapping, and grabbing which the present business system has so sedulously fostered. Once the provocation to these non-workmanlike reactions is removed, the instinct of workmanship may operate again freely. This hope is dependent, of course, upon the assumption that such a bundle of organic aptitudes is part of our normal biological inheritance. It is admittedly temerarious to pin our chances upon an instinct which Mr. Thorstein Veblen traces back no farther than the neolithic period in western Europe, and which the orthodox textbooks on psychology do not even mention for the purpose of refutation or dismissal. If at long last our children discover that there is no instinct of workmanship, our children's children may awaken blearily to find that there is no civilization. Some of us who are addicted to the records of the police-court and the war-correspondent have long suspected as much.

JOURNEYMAN.

BOOKS.

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS EXPATRIATE.

FROM a few words of Mr. Percy Lubbock's introduction to these volumes,¹ one gathers that there is to be no official biography of Henry James. "He showed conclusively" in his reminiscences, Mr. Lubbock says, "that it would be impossible for anyone else to write his life." To the letters now so nobly garnered one turns, therefore, with an importunate curiosity. It is now or never, apparently, if one is to read the riddle of the great sphinx.

But the cuttle-fish "ejects a black fluid when pursued." And so, alas, does Henry James. There is not a little in the priestly convolutions of his epistolary style that suggests the passes of a mesmerist no less concerned to divert attention from himself than to conceal the mysteries of his rite. That style, that concealing, that protective style—one seems to see it spreading, as if by design, like a mist, like an impenetrable fog behind which James himself more and more escapes into an inviolable privacy. Mr. Lubbock tells us that he left behind him scarcely a document that revealed any trace of the origins of his work. Of the origins of his spirit, his point of view, he yields us scarcely more in the way of documentary evidence. Of tastes rather than of passions—he accuses even Mr. Howells of being more "passionate" than himself—his life seems to have been all compact. It is of his tastes alone at least that his letters tell us. One apprehends him here indeed in certain aspects of intimacy, as the son, as the brother, as, if not the friend, at least the fellow-artist, as, perhaps most warmly, the uncle. It is only—only—as the man that he foils our question.

And yet, approaching these letters with a not unreasonable presumption of theory, how much one finds of light and confirmation! The presumption is that in his case America signified not less but more than in the case of his contemporaries who took their America for granted or even, like Whitman, apotheosized it. For them, I mean, the national was merely a gateway, however narrow, to the human, the universal fact; for him, unable, as he was to pass through that gateway, the national fact remained an obsession, a blank wall as it were against which the powerful current of his genius broke into spray, losing itself ultimately in a thousand circuitous rivulets. He is twenty-five in the first of his published letters, yet we know for how long and how fully before that age he had absorbed in Europe the notion of artistic freedom, of an artistic life on the grand scale; instinct told him as clearly as observation told Henry Adams that the "railroads" and all they implied were to form the engrossing substance of the new American atmosphere and that for him, with his ineluctably complicated demands, expatriation was simply the condition of survival. In England he found, almost immediately, the stimulus he required, the stimulus to be rather than to get something. "To-morrow," he writes to his mother, "I return to London and to my personal occupation, always doubly valued after forty-eight hours passed among *ces gens-ci*, whose chief effect upon me is to sharpen my desire to distinguish myself by personal achievement, of however limited a character."

There was this difference between James and Ibsen, for example, or Turgenev, those other illustrious expatriates, that his youth had been unanchored as well. For him, somehow, the evasion of America meant also the evasion of all the major experiences of life; it committed him to a pursuit of his gift almost monstrously disproportionate with any pursuit possible to him of the facts upon which a great gift is adequately nourished. One is surprised to find from his letters how much, for just this reason, he remained outside of Europe. Italy is always for him the museum of the fastidious but none the less infatuated tourist. He speaks, regretfully and

¹ "The Letters of Henry James." Selected and edited by Percy Lubbock. 2 vols. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons.

with a frequent irritation, of a destiny that obliges him to assimilate "half-heartedly" the "alien splendours" of France. And as for the country of his adoption, "one has only to think," Mr. Lubbock says, "of the part played, in the England he frequented"—even and only in the England he frequented!—"by school and college, by country-homes, by church and politics and professions, to understand how much of the ordinary consciousness was closed to him." It was the having missed that original initiation of an intimately realized local life, one feels, that made his nationality an obsession with James. One can hardly explain in any other way, for example, the positively religious exaltation with which in the end he transferred his political allegiance.

There are two significant words that constantly recur in these letters—saturation and vulgarity. "The great thing is to be saturated with something," he tells his brother, "that is, in one way or another, with life"; and one remembers the part that conception plays in his "Notes on Novelists." Symbolic, is it not, of a mind insufficiently prompted from within, a mind precisely that *isn't* saturated by its own passions, its own memories and experiences? In one connexion the word is of an illuminating pathos. "Nothing you tell me," he writes to William James, "gives me greater pleasure than what you say of the arrangements made for Harry and Billy in the forest primeval and the vision of their drawing therefrom experiences of a sort that I too miserably lacked (poor Father!) in my own too casual youth. What I most of all feel, and in the light of it conjure you to keep doing for them, is their being *à même* to contract local saturations and attachments in respect to their *own* great and glorious country, to learn, and strike roots into, its infinite beauty, as I suppose, and variety."

As for the word "vulgarity," he repeats it so often and in so many perplexing relations ("You'll think it very vulgar of me," for instance, to continue to enjoy an after-luncheon stroll in the garden) that one asks oneself how far the limitedness of his experience was not due to an original and cultivated fear of resembling in any way that "vulgar, vulgar, vulgar" spectacle, as he found it, the usual American abroad. Whatever the reason, to the large as well as the common parts of life and to their interpreters in literature James was always oblivious. He finds Zola "sane and common and inexperienced," Ibsen "ugly, common, hard, prosaic, bottomlessly bourgeois—and with his distinction so far in as it were, so behind doors and beyond vestibules, that one is excusable for not pushing one's way to it." Björnson he calls "the sort of literary fountain from which I am ever least eager to drink: the big splashing, blundering genius of the hit-or-miss, the *à peu près* family—without perfection, or the effort toward it, without the exquisite, the love of selection: a big super-abundant and promiscuous democrat;" and he cannot in the least forgive Tolstoy and Dostoevsky for their being "fluid puddings"—they do not, he says, "*do* to read over." Never in short, save in his astonishing, unwearying admiration of H. G. Wells—"the most interesting 'literary man' of your generation—in fact the only interesting one"—does he deviate in his artistic sympathies from the circle of the "little masters," whom he can find it in his heart to forgive when they are, on occasion, dancing masters. "We are," he writes to Stevenson, "poor tame, terrified products of the tailor and the parlour-maid."

Very small, in fact, is the world his letters reveal. To the end he sees in America, with its fusion of all the races, nothing but an extension of Anglo-Saxondom; like a Frenchman of the eighteenth century he considers it provincial in a Russian to seem Russian; like a Tory politician he considers the Irish "a poor lot"; he is irritated by the barbarousness of Scandinavian names. He is deaf to music, he appears to have no interest in poetry and little in painting, he speaks of his brother's philosophy with the queerest note of an affectionate outsider. And above this little world looms such a burly bulk of personality, such a portentous intimation

of power! He speaks somewhere of "Lamb House and its corpulent, slowly-circulating and slowly-masticating master" and the image is strangely symbolic; was not his spirit always too big for its dwelling? In a letter to Mr. Howells he explains what many have already guessed about the creation of his novels: it appears that "The Sacred Fount," "What Maisie Knew" and a number of others were actually conceived as stories of "eight to ten thousand words" and then, despite the "tenuity of the idea," inflated to their final proportions. It was Wells who, in "Boon," compared him with a hippopotamus playing with a pea. One is always conscious in his presence of a certain tragic waste of psychic energy.

In these letters we see how constantly depressed he was by the lack of popular interest in his novels. Many of them he saw almost completely drop out of notice. "Look at my works, ye mighty, and despair!" he exclaims, amid the desolating failure of his collected edition. It was his personality, that, supremely, of the consecrated artist, which really interested his contemporaries and seems destined, like the name of Ozymandias himself, to survive what alone seemed of importance to him. For that reason many readers will find these letters more interesting than anything else he wrote, baffling as they are to one who seeks to read his riddle. As compositions, as exercises in prose, as appreciations, as bits of criticism, as glimpses behind other scenes, they are of supreme significance. Their incidental felicities are, it goes without saying, inexhaustible. One can look over the list of living writers and prophesy that not within another quarter of a century will the American eye alight upon another collection of letters half so thrilling.

V. W. B.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WILDERNESS.

THERE is a deep kinship of thought and feeling between two recent distinctive and beautiful books of travel.¹ Both are the work of men who are primarily artists in line and colour, who bring to a new medium of expression an appealing freshness and sincerity that are deeply moving. Both are the records of men who turned in weariness from the decadence and ugliness of civilization and found inspiration, one in the freshness and vigour of an untamed northern wilderness, the other in the rhythmically beautiful and natural life of the South Sea islanders.

To Rockwell Kent, Fox Island, Alaska, offered a refuge from the oppression of the "new freedom," and he seized upon it eagerly. Unlike Gauguin, he was at once and wholly in tune with that which he had sought so confidently. "Having had a vision of a northern paradise we" (the writer and his nine-year-old son) "came to find it" and the wilderness they found, found them ready, joyous and resourceful. They took it as it was, and the result of their year at Fox Island is the startlingly beautiful series of drawings reproduced in the text and the "Journal of Quiet Adventure" itself, an important event for many reasons but perhaps chiefly for its unparalleled record of a year of perfect happiness and freedom in the life of a child.

The glow and sparkle of winter health and spirits, the bracing challenge of the north pervade the writer's words as their shining suggestion does so many of his pictures. He and his son fell trees and saw logs, and getting firewood becomes a glorified form of exercise that "went like the wind." They bathe and roll naked in snowbanks. They skate at night "on the lake, the moon high above us, in a cloudless sky, the snow and ice on the mountain glistening, the spruces black. We skated, hand in hand, like sweethearts, going far to the end of the lake in the teeth of the wind, and returning before it like full-rigged ships." They pioneer and home-build. They explore and adventure. They tame wild animals by kindness according to a plan of little Rockwell's. They paint side by side, two artists together, and little Rock-

¹ "Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska," by Rockwell Kent. New York: Putnam. "Noa Noa," by Paul Gauguin. New York: N. L. Brown.

well ends a typical day in bed in the log cabin, "waiting for some music and another Andersen Fairy Tale." It hardly seems strange that, as his father records: "Rockwell is forever good—industrious, kind and happy," or that the writer should conclude from this, in weighing one system of education against another, that "no gain can outweigh the loss to a child of its loving, non-predatory impulses."

This is a conclusion not unlike that of Gauguin if for "child" one substitutes "race." Gauguin's is a sadder book, written in a quieter key, and reflects a mood of nature at once richer and more melancholy. Whereas Kent is exhilarated by the rigours of the north and spurred constantly to effort and ingenuity, Gauguin is calmed and relaxed by the effortless peace and fragrant richness of the tropics. He loves the splendour of native life. He has discarded the weariness and cynicism of a highly sophisticated civilized man, the "timidities of expression of degenerate races," and plunged into the simple, sensuous life of the Tahitians, knowing that what he looks on and loves is passing. "Civilization, alas—soldiers, trade, officialdom—has triumphed. It was the Tahiti of former times that I loved"—that Tahiti to which the Maori princess referred when, "proudly, without looking at me, the shining eyes fixed on space, she added, 'How beautiful was our realm when nothing was sold there. All the year through the people sang—to sing always, always to give.'" It was in quest of this past that he left Papeete for the interior. What he found he recorded with imperishable savage beauty in his paintings, several of which are reproduced in this volume, and with a strange and wistful charm in its pages.

Living among the savages, he is at first lonely and ill at ease, but soon begins to record progress. "Life each day became better. . . . Civilization is falling from me, little by little. . . . I am beginning to think simply, to feel but very little hatred of my neighbour, rather to love him. . . . All the joys—animal and human—of a free life are mine. I have escaped everything that is artificial, conventional and customary. I am entering into truth, into nature," and lastly, "I have won a friend." This friend was a neighbour, a "very simple and handsome young fellow who in his character of a wild young savage asked many questions about European matters, particularly about the things of love." On one occasion Gauguin put tools and wood into his hands, wishing him to try to carve, and was deeply touched when the other returned them to him saying, "with entire simplicity, that he (Gauguin) was not like the others, that he could do things other men could not do, *that he was useful to others.*"

Gauguin also followed the custom of the island to the extent of taking a "Vahina," a girl, to live with him, although he could not revert to savagery sufficiently to "seize" one in the cave-man fashion he believed to be exacted by the island tradition. This idea, however, may have been only a remnant of his imperfectly discarded civilization, for the relation of the sexes among the savages, as recorded by him, is unusually free from brutality or furtiveness. "Among the peoples that go naked," he writes, "the difference between the sexes is less accentuated than in our climate. This similarity of the sexes makes their relations easier. It has given their manners a natural innocence, a perfect purity. Man and woman are comrades, friends rather than lovers, and even the very idea of vice is unknown." This seems indeed to have been the case in his temporary relation with Hehura, the native girl, which he relates with great candour and with a profound and understanding gentleness. The book closes with Gauguin's temporary return to France; he seems not to have realized himself that it was temporary or known how deep a hold the savage life of the tropics had on him. Similarly, Kent takes leave of us, looking back wistfully from the threshold of civilization at the wilderness which will perhaps claim him again in the future.

Our lives were already richer for the art of Kent and

Gauguin. They are enriched still further by the written record of some of the experiences which brought it into existence. These experiences, so dissimilar in their setting and their fruit, so profoundly alike in their source, have a meaning for all who have shared their quest for a life free, lovely and wise, untainted by the sordid cruelties and stupidities of our civilization.

MARTHA GRUENING.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE BOOK

THE Danish critic Johannes V. Jensen once described modern American literature as "journalism under exceptionally favourable conditions." I have been reading a number of books lately, and thinking a number of thoughts, that seem to me to bear out that description. The publicity men and the interviewers have done the critic a certain service; they have unearthed all the authors in the country and made them, at the pistol's point as it were, yield up their views on life, letters and the pursuit of immortality. Thanks to the spreading shelf of books like Mr. Grant Overton's "The Women Who Make Our Novels" (Moffat, Yard), Mr. George Gordon's "The Men Who Make Our Novels" (Moffat, Yard), and the late Joyce Kilmer's "Literature in the Making" (Harpers), one really can obtain, at the expense of innumerable illusions, a pretty just and complete idea of the inner workings of what is usually considered the American literary spirit. "Journalism under exceptionally favourable conditions." Yes, that seems to me, on the whole, an adequate phrase.

If I were permitted to choose but one point in evidence I should say that what our writers lack, almost universally, is the sense of the vocation. In this country, in the first place, it is a rather discreditable thing to be "different" in any way, and one gathers that the American literary man is always conscious that he has to make amends for his difference. He is likely to have his "office" in a bank building and to pretend that he is really a business-man, an attitude that appreciatively helps him to become one, and if he has to confess that he comes of a bookish family he is quick to insist, as Mr. Booth Tarkington does, jealous, as his biographer Mr. Holliday says, of the "good name" of his forebears, that they have never been "offensively" bookish. From all this one infers that the American writer is not a little ashamed of himself, which explains perhaps why, at the earliest moment, George Ade sought the semi-retirement of an opulent Indiana farmer and Jack London gave himself out as the possessor of the most hygienic pigsties west of the Rockies. Even Sherwood Anderson, strange to say, cannot quite feel the vocation, cannot quite believe in its validity. "I want to write novels," we find him saying in one of the books I have mentioned, "but I do not want to be a novelist."

INTIMATELY connected with this fact is another, the absence of the sustained career in American letters, the relatively early "fading out" of perhaps the average American talent. Beside the contemporary English or French exhibit, beside the number in England and France of hardy perennials in literature who can always be counted upon year after year for new work that is freshly varied and vigorous, the array of our own garden seems an array of weeds and wild-flowers, weeds that are hardy indeed but without beauty or perfume, and wild-flowers that have beauty but cannot survive the heat of the day. Careers like that of Mr. Chambers are common enough; they are the weeds. Careers like those of Wells, Conrad, Shaw, Anatole France have scarcely more than one parallel in this country, the career of Mr. Howells. But the wild-flowers are innumerable! "Please do not think," one finds Mr. Hamlin Garland saying, "that I am under any illusions as to my own work. I have had so much to con-

tend with that I have only in one or two books had the full leisure and freedom from care which gave me satisfying results." But surely writers the world over have had "much to contend with"! It is simply that, for a variety of reasons, our writers lack the staying power that enables them to continue to produce personal work after the freshness of youth has gone. Most writers everywhere "fade out"; Kipling, for instance, has faded out, and so has Galsworthy. My point is that our writers reach this stage much earlier than English writers. Whereas the normal evolution of a European writer is one of an ever-increasing differentiation, a progress toward the creation, the possession of a world absolutely the individual's own, the American writer, having registered his first intention, having struck out with his new note, becomes progressively more and more like everyone else. Either the sense of the vocation does not exist, or else it does not survive.

For these conditions certain external facts are usually held to be blameworthy. The magazines! The cost of living! But a true sense of the vocation renders the writer immune from very much more compromising facts than these. "The greatest tragedy of literature"—it is the admired author of "The Story of Julia Page" who speaks this time—"is the writer who persists in trying to give the public what it does not want. Think of poor Gissing, for instance, dying embittered because he couldn't sell his work!" I am not aware that Gissing died for any such reason: his bitterness, if he was bitter, was the result of his low vitality; he seems never to have been even tempted to please the public in order to escape from a diet of bread and dripping and the pennyworths of pease-pudding upon which Harold Biffen lives in "New Grub Street." The ancient philosopher who spoke of having been led "from the dull monotony of noisy revelry to the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought" has in those very words defined what I mean by the sense of the vocation. The writer who has lived far enough into the creative life to feel its exhilarations has realized a will-to-power beside which the common rewards, let us say, of a successful bond-salesman, are very empty indeed. Merely on the score of vanity, who would sacrifice the faculty, provided he knew he had the faculty, to write a first-rate poem in order merely to win security? American writers are at the mercy of the magazines because they lack this sense of the vocation. They have not experienced long enough, and with sufficient abandonment, the rigours and the pleasures of the creative life. They really see much to be envied in the bond-salesman's career.

It might be all very well if they succeeded in finding a reasonable happiness, in preserving their self-respect. But a writer can not lose his self-respect as a writer and preserve it as a man, and American writers, generally speaking, seem to me the unhappiest in the world. One would almost say that the typical American writer is a disappointed man. Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce are notorious witnesses to this fact; the surly cynicism of E. H. Howe, whenever he speaks of writing and writers, is an unconscious cry of "sour grapes" on the part of a man whose artistic life was arrested in youth; and anyone who has read any of the private letters of Jack London's later years knows how bitterly he regretted the misfortune of his gift. Talk with any group of magazine writers—the kind, I mean (and their name is legion) who have shown a true personal promise in their youth; switch them away from their eternal self-protective chatter about prices, editors and the tricks of the "short story," and you will find them deeply convinced that they have been betrayed, that the money they have earned is a mockery beside what they have lost in earning it. They feel they are slaves and hirelings, they feel it with all the acuity of the rare man who is able to appreciate freedom. There is nothing more pathetic than to observe, at

authors' dinners in New York, the heavy-jowled nabobs of our American magazinedom gazing upon some spare, athletic soul from across the sea, some poet or novelist perhaps, who has lived on bread and dripping, but who has kept the zest of spiritual adventure. How humble they seem, how consciously and abjectly humble before that often contemptuous pride, that vibrant illusion of power! What would not they themselves give for so superb a sense of the vocation—they who apprehend it without being able to share it, without being able to possess it as a living principle? "Journalism under exceptionally fortunate conditions." There is irony in that phrase and tragedy behind it.

A REMARKABLE confirmation of the success of the Soviet Government's constructive efforts appear in "The Russian Republic" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe), by Colonel Cecil Malone, M. P. Colonel Malone, who served with distinction during the war in British naval aviation, went to Russia last fall, and his book is the diary which he kept there during his weeks of travel. Colonel Malone's attitude is one of a somewhat suspicious solicitude; he is aware of the danger of being taken in, and this gives to his report an air of special authenticity. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that dealing with the Red Army, which he visited with Trotsky. It struck him that for Trotzky the mass of the soldiers seemed to be inspired with something like hero-worship; their strength and daily increasing efficiency, he says, cannot be disputed. This, arguing from the analogy of the French revolutionary armies, leads him to the conclusion that the only way to stave off a military dictatorship in Russia living by foreign wars is to make an immediate peace with the Soviet Republic, there being no alternative policy save one that would involve a fresh military expenditure on the grand scale of the Great War.

MANAGERS of dramatic societies, ever on the watch for just the right one-act plays and often unable to find them, should glance at the Easter number of *Reedy's Mirror* (18 March). They will discover there a very charming little fantasy by Edna St. Vincent Millay called "Aria da Capo." It is a Pierrot play with five characters, not too short and as fresh as if Pierrot had just come into the world.

AN extremely lucid, vigorous, well-written account of one of the most extraordinary movements in our political history is Herbert E. Gaston's "The Nonpartisan League" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). Townley, in 1915 "broke" and one hundred thousand dollars in debt, in 1916 the presiding genius of North Dakota and the engineer of the most revolutionary legislation the country has recently seen, justifies Emerson's belief in the power of the individual in affairs. The story of the League's successful effort to free the market from abuses, to liberate the State from thralldom to the big business interests, to stimulate agriculture, to make rural life more agreeable, and to conserve the wealth and production of the State for the people who live in it is a long, complicated and highly dramatic one. The League is fortunate in having an apologist as clear-minded and as fair-minded as Mr. Gaston: his book has the character not of propaganda but of history.

I RECOMMEND the following new books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Life of General William Booth," by Harold Begbie. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"The Thunderbolt," by G. Colmore. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

"Darkwater," by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

"Ten Plays," by David Pinski. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska," by Rockwell Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MANY friends write to ask what they can do to help the FREEMAN. They can do nothing better than to talk about the paper, and they do that without waiting for us to tell them.

The next best thing is to send us the names of friends who might be interested in the FREEMAN. We would like to send samples to them, and to the important men and women in all communities. Who are the intelligent leaders in the professions, commerce and labour, in your locality?

Our experience has been that no advertisement of the FREEMAN is as effective as a sample copy. No description of a paper is quite as adequate as the paper itself. If you think that it would be a good thing for the teachers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, judges and merchants of your town to become acquainted with us, we will send the paper, free, if you will send the names.

Don't wait to make a long list; we're glad every time a single good name comes in because it offers the immediate opportunity for increased usefulness.

Will you send us five names today?

IN this day, when magistrates look with suspicion upon persons charged with circulating the Declaration of Independence, we would hesitate to present the following excerpt if it were not that on the title-page of "A History of Freedom of Thought," from which it is lifted, Professor J. B. BURY, M.A. F.B.A., thus receives the cachet of complete respectability: HON. D. LITT OF OXFORD, DURHAM, AND DUBLIN, AND HON. LL.D. OF EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, AND ABERDEEN UNIVERSITIES; REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. AUTHOR OF, ETC., ETC.

A pestilent person.

"The average brain is naturally lazy and tends to take the line of least resistance. The mental world of the ordinary man consists of beliefs which he has accepted without questioning and to which he is firmly attached; he is instinctively hostile to anything which would upset the established order of his familiar world. A new idea, inconsistent with some of the beliefs which he holds, means the necessity of rearranging his mind; and this process is laborious, requiring a painful expenditure of brain-energy. To him and his fellows, who form the vast majority, new ideas, and opinions which cast doubt on established beliefs and institutions, seem evil because they are disagreeable.

"The repugnance due to the mental laziness is increased by a positive feeling of fear. The conservative instinct hardens into the conservative doctrine that the foundations of society are endangered by any alterations in the structure. It is only recently that men have been abandoning the belief that the welfare of a state depends on rigid stability and on the preservation of its traditions and institutions unchanged. Wherever that belief prevails, novel opinions are felt to be dangerous as well as annoying, and any one who asks inconvenient questions about the why and the wherefore of accepted principles is considered a pestilent person."

Some subscribers, whom we hold in personal esteem, seem to regard THE FREEMAN as a "pestilent person" because it questions beliefs that they hold sacred. They have addressed us orally and in letters, and we respectfully submit Professor Bury in reply. We surmise that he, himself, is the sort of pestilent person whom he describes, and we think that many of our readers will gladly range themselves with him.

It occurs to us that Socrates was the arch pestilent person. We are for Socrates. If you approve our candidate, use the appended form for yourself or a pestilent friend.

If you cannot obtain THE FREEMAN from your newsdealer, please send us his name.

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